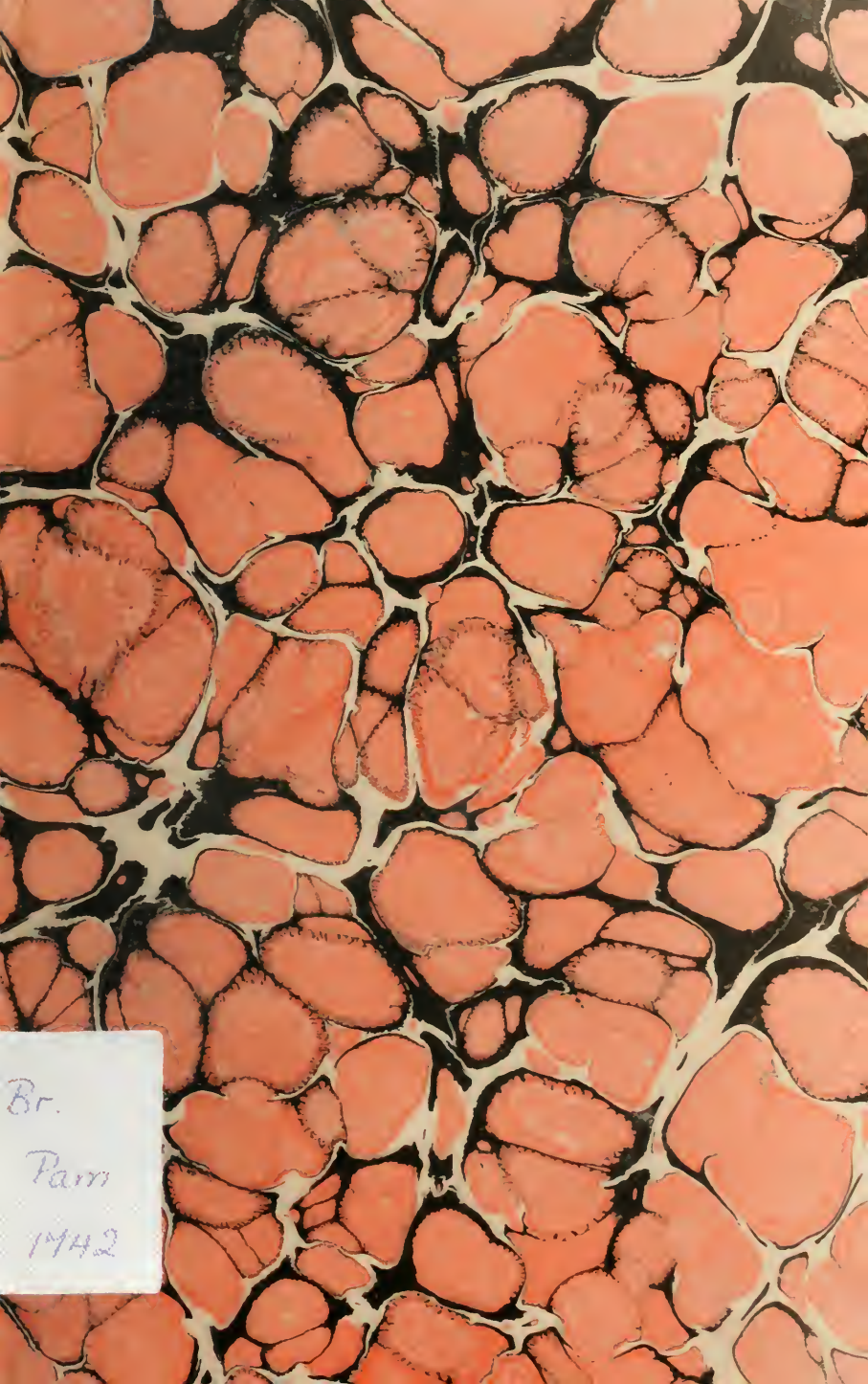




Br.

Parr

1942

BRITANNIA
IN
MOURNING:
OR, A
REVIEW
OF THE

POLITICKS and CONDUCT of the Court of
*Great Britain with Regard to France, the Ballance
of Power, and the True Interest of these Nations,
from the Restoration to the present Times; and
particularly since the Accession of the Illustrious
House of H—r.*

AND LIKEWISE

A View of the *present State* of our LIBERTIES, and
TRADE, compared with what they have been;
and of the *Management* of the present War with
Spain: The whole concluding with a visionary
Prospect of the *Glories* of BRITANNIA in the
Reign of Queen ANN, and the *present Power*
of the House of BOURBON. In a DIALOGUE be-
tween two ancient Patriot ENGLISHMEN, com-
monly known by the Names of, *Jest* and
Earnest.

—————*Ridentem dicere verum,*
Quis vetat.————— Hor.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. HUGGONSON, in *Sword-and-Buckler-
Court*, over-against the *Crown-Tavern*, on *Lud-
gate-Hill*. 1742. (Price One Shilling)

B R I T A N N I A

I N

M O U R N I N G.

J E S T.

HAVE I caught thee at last, old Abstemious, indulging your withered Fancy with the Sight of naked Beauty?—Hah! old Cy-nick! are all your public Professions of *Woman-hating* come to secret, ideal Fornication? What do you call him, of old, who fell in Love with a *Beauty* of his own *Carving*, was far more sensible in his Whims than you: He had Substance at least to cling his Arms about; but thou *Light* and *Shade* only—Bless my Eyes! what do I behold? The chaste Nymph in *H—g—t's Harlot's Progress* is become the Idol of the virtuous Mr. *Earnest's* Adoration.

Earnest. The Painting in my Hand, I confess, has some Resemblance of the celebrated Picture you took it for: 'Tis by the same ingenious Artist; and the Progress of a *Female* too; but a *Female* whom I avowedly adore, as you and all your Countrymen ought.

Jest. Ha, ha! a reasonable *Being* adore Canvas and Colour!—Rank Folly and Superstition—Prithee, old Serious, where hast thou spent the *Christmas* Holy-Days? At *Rome*, or *Bedlam*?—But come, let us see this precious Fair; this painted Baby you would have me bow to.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, you are of too ludicrous a Disposition to be admitted into the Mystery of this finish'd Portraiture; you are by Nature a Trifler; hate all Subjects of Difficulty and Importance; make merry with the Foibles and Vices of the Age; and laugh at the Calamities of your Country: Therefore pardon me if I refuse you a Sight of a Piece, perhaps the most interesting to a *Briton* that ever was drawn by either Pen or Pencil.

Jest. 'Tis true, I am gay and unthinking by Nature; trivial Subjects are my Choice; and I own that I have lately generally laugh'd at the Miseries and Complaints of my Countrymen; but, old Acquaintance, infer not from my outward Appearance, that I am incapable of either Compassion or Secrecy. If I have sported with the Calamities of some, and the Complaints of others, it was not that I did not commiserate the first, and was not sensible of the Justice due to the others; but because it was every Day, at least every *Seventh Year*, in the Power of these *Oppressed* Complainants to redress themselves, and yet they still complain'd, and were unhappy. Who, in his merry Senses, could refrain laughing at a People that set up for *Wisdom* and *Resolution*; nay, and for *Virtue* too; and yet, who have given the most pregnant Proof of being almost constantly *Fools*, *Cowards*, and *bribed Sycophants*, for upwards of 20 *Years* successively? They complain of the Decrease of *Trade*; that *France* gets their *Wool*; that they are oppress'd by *Penal Laws*; that their *National Debt* is insupportable; that they have lost all *Influence*

ence on the *Continent*, by the *Blunders* or evil *Intentions* of their M——rs: In short, they complain of a String of *Evils* as long as a Collar of *SS*, or the *hempen String*, which *Some-body* deserves more than the Collar, and would not redress themselves when they might.

Earn. I am pleas'd to find you can be serious.

Jest. No two-footed Animal living more so, when I am got into honest Company; but what visible Creature can screw up his Phiz, when he hears a *Villain*, who has voted for a bloated P—ce-M—n every P——t since the *Accession*, inveighing against the Administration, and complaining of *Taxes*, *Standing Armies*, and all the other *Ills* in the general Register? Who can be serious, when he hears a *Levee-baiting* R——d Ass, who daily courts *Power*, at the Expence of his Character and Conscience, complaining of the Venality and Immorality of the Age? You shall hear another dignified *Hypocrite* complaining of the Growth of *Sec-taries*, and the Want of Church Power, who had for many Years wished and wrote against all *revealed Religion*. You shall hear a P—y C——r pitying the forlorn Queen of *Hungary* at *White's*, and advising Peace and a *Neutrality* at the C——l T—le. Mr. *Earnest*, I am sick of the Age; I am out of all Patience with my Countrymen. They are fickle as the Wind, inconsistent as *Athe-ists*. They complain of the *Corruption* of their *Representatives*; this Complaint is general, and has been annual, at least since the present *Administration*; yet when these Beasts of Burthen have had the Power of changing Hands, and of electing such Men as would ease and secure them from all evil Designs, what have they done? Have they acted like rational Creatures? No; they acted like Asses, bribed to jogg on by the Alurement of a fresh Thistle artfully thrown in their way by
their

their skilful *Driver*. They have, for the most part, *chose* those very *Men* they had been exclaiming against for *Seven, Fourteen*, and perhaps *Twenty Years* before. Monstrous Absurdity! they complain of the Decrease of Trade, and yet they elect those that had occasioned the Decrease. My dear Friend, I am so sick of my Countrymen, that I beg to hear no more of them.

Earn. As your Contempt of your *Countrymen* speaks the Sincerity of your Concern for your *Country*, it is excusable. But know, my Friend, that a *true Patriot* never shines so bright as in Times of Danger and Difficulty. Does the Current of *Power* run strong against the Interest of his dear *Country*; are the Generality of the People become dissolute; are they degenerated; are they *corrupted* to their own Undoing; are they made subservient to the Views of *bad Men*; still will the virtuous *Patriot* redouble his Force to stem the overwhelming Tide. He proceeds, undaunted, to alarm the *Deluded*, and intimidate the Wicked. His Steadiness confirms the Wavering; and his glorious Resolution strikes Terror in the most Audacious and Powerful. Behold the *shining Few* that have gloriously struggled for *three times Seven Years*: See, I say, how fair the *Prospect*, how alluring the *Hopes* from their *Virtue* and *Steadiness*. Already does fair *Freedom* raise her Head; already does *Trade* exchange the Gloom upon her Aspect for smiling Cheerfulness; already does *Corruption* shun the Light of Day; already does bright *Virtue* extend her heavenly Wings o'er the whole Land: And whence this Dawn of general Happiness, but from the glorious Resolution of a *few*, a very *few*, *good Men* amongst us, who bowed not to *Baal*, nor bartered their *dear Country* for sordid Gain? 'This *Country*, Mr. *Jest*, this *dear Country*, is the *Idol* which these glorious *Few* have revered; 'tis that

that which you and I, and all thinking Beings, ought to revere; 'tis that which you saw me contemplating in the *Painting* I had in my Hand when you enter'd the Room. Here, my worthy Friend, see the fair *Britannia*, the bright *Idol* I adore; see her, in one Part of this finish'd Piece, cloathed in a Milk-white Robe, blooming as *May*, chearful as the Summer's Dawn, rais'd high on a Pedestal ornamented with Ensigns of *Victory*, *Power*, *Peace*, and *Plenty*: See how the Nations of the Earth bow down to her: See the Riches of the World landed at her Feet: See *Liberty* supported by her on one Side, and the Gorgon *Tyranny* trampled upon on the other: See the *Great States* of *Europe* differently represented, courting her Smiles, and suing for her Alliance or Protection. Here stands *France*, in the Figure of a Nymph covered with a Mantle bespangled with *Flower-de-luces*, in a suppliant Posture, bowing the Knee, and offering a regal Crown at the Feet of the high erected *Britannia*. There stands *Spain* submissively receiving the Charter of her Possessions and Freedom, from her generous Benefactress. Behold here the *Empire* crown'd by her all-giving Hand. See there the *Dutch* kissing her Feet for the *Bukwarks* she has set between them and the mantled Nymph. See *Joy*, *Hope*, *Gratitude*, or *Fear*, in every Face around the exalted bright *Empress* of the Main.

But behold, my Friend, the dire *Reverse* of all this Scene of Transport in the lower Part of the *Picture*. There *Britannia* commands and awes the admiring World. Here, alas! attired in *Sable*, she lies *prostrate* at the Feet of the mantled Nymph, whom you see seated on an Imperial Throne, with a *Scourge* in one Hand, and *Chains* in the other. Oh! Heart-breaking Sight! My Friend! my Heart bursts with Anguish—I can no more.

Jest. This Weakness, Mr. *Earnest*, ill becomes one of your known Constancy and Resolution. Why won't you trust to the Conduct of that *glorious Band* whom you so lately celebrated? They will pull down this exalted *Tyrant*, and once again raise the injured *Britannia* to her former Glory.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, it would be more, I am afraid, than *Herculean Labour*: For see the once vigorous *Eagle*, *Britannia's* ancient Friend and Ally: See, I say, how the royal Bird lies mangled at the *Tyrant's* Feet: See the *Dutch* already in *Chains*, and the *Imperial Diadem* on the Head of a *Slave*, with his Arms pinniced: See *Spain*, on the mantled *Tyrant's* left Hand, reaching out regal Crowns to two Youths adorn'd with *Flower-de-luces* of a lesser Size: See, my Friend, every Figure, every Part of this lower Part of the Picture, signifying the *high Power* of our ancient *Enemy*, and the Misery of our ancient Friends. I am sick of the Appearance, and, with your Leave, Mr. *Jest*, I will return the Picture to the ingenious *H—g—t*, and, by your Aid, who art the Life and Spirit of all Company you honour with your Presence, I will strive to forget my Cares, and banish from my Heart the Anxiety which this finish'd Piece has caus'd in my Mind.

Jest. I am contented, on Condition you give me your Thoughts of the present State of our Affairs: For, to tell you Truth, tho' I seldom trouble my Noddle about *Politicks*, I don't know how it happens, I have a strong Itch upon me at this Time, to become a Smatterer; so that whilst the Fit is hot upon me, I beg you would indulge me; 'tis possible I may be of some Use in the Cause of *Truth*. You know I see much Company; of which, you are pleas'd to say, I am the Life and Spirit. Who knows what *Prosélites* I may make in my merry,

merry, unthinking Way? The facetious Satyrift often reclaims when the grave Divine fails.

Earn. Since I perceive you can be grave, and hope you are honest——

Fest. As *Pultney* himself—oft' has the *Arch Tempter* felt my Pulse; large were his Offers if I would but now and then whisper his G——er Legion; but, I assure you, Mr. *Earnest*, I scorn'd all Overtures of the Kind. I never exchang'd a Word with either his stupid *Scribes* or frothy *Orators*. Tho' I am poor I am *honest*, and had rather transmit *virtuous Poverty* to my Descendants, than Affluence acquired by *Corruption* and *Vice*.

Earn. I doubt it not, my facetious Friend; would to Heaven all our Countrymen had been of your Opinion since the *South Sea* Year!

Fest. Nay, nay, stent not your Wish. Now, when my Hand's in for wishing, Gad, I stretch up to the *Restoration*, I would say, *Revolution*; no, I mistake, I mean to the *Accession*. Pihaw! the Devil's in my Tongue when 'tis once set a going.

Earn. I don't see any Harm it has done. You might safely have extended your Wishes and your Concern too, to either of these Periods. We were *happy* after the *Restoration*; we might have been *happier* after the *Revolution*, had we made a right Use of it; and ever since the *Accession* we have been ——

Fest. Ay, what have we been? you mumble that Word as if you were afraid of speaking out. Sure, Mr. *Earnest*, you don't take me for an *Informers*; an infamous *Talebearer*?

Earn. I really do not.

Fest. You do me but Justice; therefore, prithee, old Mumps, out with the Word *Accession*; mouth it, and sound it till you ring it in the Ears of all the public and private *Penfurers* in the Nation.

Earn. There is another more *expressive Word* which I esteem, would be more significant and useful at this Juncture than that you mention. But pray, Mr. *Fest*, what Use could I make of the Word *Acceſſion* towards informing you of the State of our paſt and preſent Condition?

Fest. Infinite Use. For Inſtance; at the *Acceſſion*, the fair *Britannia*, that ſame dear Gril, whom my ingenious Friend *H—g—t* had exalted in the Upper Part of his Canvas; She, I ſay, at the *Acceſſion*, was *dreaded* by *France* and *Spain*, and *revered* by all *Europe* beſides. She had ſo humbled old *Louis* and his *Grand-Child*, that, gad, if there had not been the Devil and all of *foul Play* by ſome *One* or more *Sappy-headed*, unnatural *Puppies*, all the *Bourbon's* had been at their laſt Prayers long before now. 'Sdeath! Mr. *Earneſt*, do'ſt think that this little preſent *French* Swaggerer, this 15th *Louis*, and his old *Prieſt* at his Elbow, could ſay *Yea* and *Nay*, as he does at this preſent, to all the Sovereign *F——ls* on the Continent, if ſome *Body* you know had not been more ſollicitous about his *Breeches* than his *Cloak*. And a damn'd Thread-bare, coarſe, ſcanty, louty Pair of *Breeches* they are, let me tell you. I had once the Curioſity, on a bright Summers Day, to croſs the Deep, in order to examine this ſame curs'd *Breeches*, but the duce a fair or fine Bit could I ſee but what had been ſnip'd off the *Cloak*. You know this ſame *Cloak* to have been one of the faireſt and richeſt in *Europe*; there was never a Prince on the Continent, except *Louis*, that would not willingly have exchanged all the Rags in his Wardrobe for it. But, Lord have Mercy on us! How 'Things are alter'd! this very ſame *Cloak*, ſo fair and ſo rich heretofore, is now quite Thread-bare; the *Lace* and *Embroidery*, ſo much as is left of them, quite tarniſh'd. Nay, nay, old *Merlin*,
wrinkle

wrinkle not thy Brow so ; for, Gad ! considering how damn'd fond *Some-body*, and *Some-body's Dad* have been of their old *Family Breeches*, 'tis well that any of the *Lace* and *Embroidery* remains on the *Cloak*. You may Judge how passionately fond *Some-body* was ; and to be sure still is, of this same home-spun *Breeches*, when he could hazard the losing this fair *Cloak* by entering into a late very extraordinary *Bargain* with a certain *French Taylor*, who approach'd, prepared with *Sheers* and *Measure*, to take the Length and Breadth of this beloved *Family Patch-work*—but, faith ! Old *Earnest*, so it is, that the *Cloak*, and all those that help'd to Spin, Weave, and Full it, may go to the D—, so the *Breeches* be safe.

Earn. I hope the *Amor*— is not so prevalent in this Instance as you would make me believe it is, because carrying it to too great a Length would argue a *Weakness* scarce ever heard of before ; and it would likewise be a Proof of the rankest *Ingratitude* that ever had been shown towards a brave, willing, faithful Family of *Domestics*.

Jest. You may *hope* as much as you will, old *Careful* ; but, Gad, stretch your *Hopes* to the *Antipodes*, and let me tell you they will fail thee ; if you *hope* that *Some-body* does not Love his *Family Breeches* better than a *Cloak*, which his *Dad* was the First of his Ancestors that ever had such a one. As for your *Observations* of Any-body's, or No-body's *Weakness* and *Ingratitude*, you may stop Bottles with them. Spight of all your musty *Observations* and *Arguments*, *some Men* will be *Semper idem*, nay more ; this same *idem Semper* shall run thro' the Blood of the *whole Race* ; so that, Gad, every Mother's Son of them, shall have the same Taste, the same Love for old

Family *Breeches* ; in short, they shall all of them, from Generation to Generation, be——

Earn. What, Mr. *Jest* ?

Jest. How you snap one up. What! why what, in the Name of Wonder, did you think would have followed ?

Earn. I can't tell. You are so apt to shoot your Bolt at Random, that——

Jest. You were afraid I should run your Neck and my own into a Noose. Ha, ha.—Come, come old Friend, Safe's the Word with me, jocular and careless as I seem to be. I intended to say no more than that it was very probable the *Family*, God bless them, Babes and all, would be: You knit your hoary Brows so, that, let me die, I can't say what they would or will be ; but this I say, that it was thought *Some-body* which have discharg'd the *Steward* on *Dad's* Death ; but the Devil a bit says *Punch* ; the *Steward* was continu'd, tho' it was believ'd he was not beloved, and his Power was increas'd ; so that, Gad, as most *Families* adhere to certain standing *Maxims*, from which they never swerve, I am apt to think the same *Steward* would be still kept in Place, if *Some-body's* Son's Turn were come ? So, to put an End to the Argument, or rather Tale, *Semper idem* is like to be the Word to the End of the Chapter.

Earn. You have made a pretty Spot of Work on't.—*Semper idem*, from *Father* to *Son*, to the End of Time.

Jest. Ay, Gad, and longer, if you can make longer out. And more, the *Breeches* prefered to the *Cloak in Secula Seculorum* — But come ; I am sick of the Thought, and many others that shall be bury'd with me. Let us drop *Masks* and *Veils*, and give every *Man*, *Country*, and *Thing* its proper Name. Let us speak out ; let us say what

we

we have been, what we are, and what we are like to be. Mr. *Earnest*, the serious Fit is now strong upon me : Pray indulge me whilst it holds. I am all Attention—Proceed.

Earn. You seem to expect mighty Matters ; such as a Dissertation upon Government, or something as elaborate ; but, my merry Friend, did you know how unequal I am to——

Fest. Fiddle faddle—prithee no more of Inequality and Inability : All I desire of you is to speak *Truth*. Sure it does not require extraordinary Talents to speak *Truth* : Have but *Honesty*, and my Life for it, *Truth* bolts out spontaneously : Don't think I flatter when I tell you, that I always look'd upon you as one of the *Honestest* Fellows in the Nation. I loved thee for thy *Honesty* ; and kept thee Company, when I could have been better diverted by *Rogues*, for no Reason in the World, but because you were *honest* and spoke *Truth*. I think we left off at the Word *Accession* ; but you may go higher if you will ; nay, you may hop up to the *Revolution*, if you can find any thing there to help out the Colouring of your Picture of poor *Britannia*. You may say that she, fair Nymph, had almost all the Trade of the known World, before the ill Conduct of King *James II.* gave Birth to the *Revolution*. Say, that she owed not a *Groat* to either *Foreigners* or *Natives* ; that her *Taxes* were very moderate, not a *Fourth* of what they have been since ; that, because they were so, the *Necessaries of Life* were cheap ; *Labour* was so. The Consequence of which was, that we were enabled to work up our *Manufactures* so moderately cheap as to command most of the Markets of the World. This extensive Trade, this general Call for our *Manufactures*, this National Happiness, gave a Value to Land, tho' the Produce of Land was not excessive

five dear. 'The *Produce* of *Land* was not dear, not because *Land* was not valuable, but because *Land* was not *taxed*, and that the *Taxes* upon our *Consumption* were trifling. The Consumer paid no more than 'Things were intrinsically worth, not as they are rated now, loaded with *Taxes*. Say, that we had few or no *Penal Laws*; say,—Gad, I am almost out of Breath. Prithee, dear Mr. *Earnest*, break thro' your damn'd stubborn Taciturnity, and save the Remains of my poor Lungs, already half exhausted with laughing at the *Late* and *Present* wise *Generations*.

Earn. Wise Generations in Truth, that could see——

Jest. That could not, nor cannot see, you should say—They see; my wise *Countrymen*, see! No, no; *Seeing* is not the Characteristic of the giddy *Sons* of the dear *Britannia*. Get any of them that *sees* the Length of his *Nose*, and I will be bound never to laugh at them whilst I breathe. Nay, I will go yet farther, and assert, that *He* amongst us who has pull'd the whole Nation by the *Nose* ever since the *South-Sea War*; I say, that even this *Nose-Squeezer* *sees* no farther than the Herd whom he has tamely driven.

Earn. How! not allow a Man to *see*, that has rose from *Nothing* above all his Predecessors in Office! retract, Mr. *Jest*, or I shall suspect either your Judgment or Sincerity.

Jest. Mistake me not. You seem to take my Words in too general a Sense. The Sight I mean is that which hath Regard to *Futurity*: A Species of seeing in which the *Nose-Squeezer* is wholly deficient, or the Affairs of *Europe* had not been so woefully intangled as they are at this Time; nay, the Situation which he himself is in at present, is the strongest Proof that he is incapable of *seeing* into a Millstone. It was thought, indeed, but it was by the *Thoughtless* only,

only, that he had a pretty good Knack of *seeing* within the Bowels of *Britannia*, and particularly within and near *St. S——p——n's Ch——e*. This Gift was allow'd to him by those, who deny'd him any Faculty of seeing beyond our *narrow Seas*: But from the Plight we behold him in at present, 'tis plain his *Ascent* was fortuitous, and not owing to superior Talents or Gifts: He always dealt in *Notes*, and met, by Chance, with *One or Two* of *Wax*, which he inolded and fashioned, as best suited his own private Purposes.

Earn. You'll admit that he could *see* far enough to rise to Power and Affluence.

Jest. Yes; but does he *see* so far as to perpetuate in his Family the Great Wealth he has accumulated! could he *see* like a wise Man, he would help to exonerate his Country whilst he had Power, were it but to exonerate his own *Posterity*. Could he *see*, he would not endanger the *Freedom* of succeeding Generations, of those of his own Blood, by adding new *Strength* where there always has been as much or more than was consistent with the Liberties of a Free People. I admit he can *see* his immediate Interest, just the Present; so did *J——n W———e*. But *J——n* saw not the dire Consequences of his Practice, tho' they were obvious as Sun-shine.

Earn. Fy, Mr. *Jest*, so uncouth a Comparison, from so Polite, *Courtly* a Gentleman as you.

Jest. *Courtly!* You may thank your Stars that this is one of my passive Days, or, Gad, the Word *Courtly*, or any thing of or about *Courts*, would have put my Rapier into this Right Hand; but as this is not one of my fighting Days, you are safe, provided always that you name not the Word *Court*, nor any think like it, whilst I am in your Company.

Earn.

Earn. A severe Injunction! but rather than lose you it shall be observed; but pray, my merry Friend, why so averse to the hearing a Place mentioned where you have been revered for Ages?

Jest. 'Tis true, I was caress'd within the Royal Walls in *Charles II's*. Reign; but I was banished on the Demise of that witty facetious Prince. The *Courtiers* in the Royal Brother's Reign were too much in *Earnest*; they were too intent upon destroying their Prince, by precipitating him into weak Measures, to admit of a jocular loose-tongued Fellow as I am. The two following Reigns were so intirely taken up in forming *Grand Alliances*, in Support of the *Ballance of Power*, and of Wars in Consequence of such Confederacies, that I scarce ever enter'd the Palace till after the Peace of *Utrecht*.

Earn. But after the *Accession* ———

Jest. Ay, upon the *Accession*, you would say, I was the Darling of the C——t.

Earn. I intended to say so; for as Mirth is the constant Concomitant of *Peace* and *Plenty*, where could you range so unconstrain'd as amongst Ministers who procured us the One, by securing us the Other.

Jest. I shall have a Touch at your *Peace* and *Plenty* by-and-by; in the mean while, you must know that all the Ministers and their wife——since the *Accession*, were too profound for so frothy a Companion as your humble Servant: The *present* particularly, are a Set of profound State *Conjurors*, that have, (Heaven reward them for their Toil) brought our Nobles to ———. They were all along so intent upon *undoing* the boasted Works of our Ancestors, that they would scarce permit me to take a Tour in the *Mall*, for fear of disturbing the *Profunds* in an adjacent Building.

Earn.

Earn. Upon Recollection, I don't wonder you should be secluded from the Company of our *State Sages*, and *Sages* they certainly must be—.

Jest. Or *Conjurors*, to be able to reduce a *rich* People to Poverty; a *free* People to S—y; and a *brave* People to Cowardice.

Earn. In Truth, Mr. *Jest*, it requires no small Degree of Skill to be able to shift so fair a *Scene* as you and I have seen, not full *thirty Years* ago, and replace it with one full of Gloom and Horror. To do this without Convulsion or public Confusion, argues uncommon Skill.

Jest. It would require superior Skill indeed, if they had not the *tamest* Wretches in the World to deal withal— But, to give the D—— his Due, I admit our sage M——rs to be *Wizards* and *Conjurors*; and, gad, let me tell you, I fancy they thought themselves such, and were afraid their Enemies would put the old *Law* against *Witches* in Execution, when they projected the Repeal of it—Now for your *Peace* and *Plenty*, old Boy—Do you call it *Peace* to be every Year arming by Sea and Land; to have annual Fleets parading either at *Spithead* or the *Downs*; to have Encampments in the *West* and *East*; which, however inoffensive they were, have still been attended with the Expence of War? Then as for *Plenty*, 'tis true the Seasons for the most Part were favourable, and the Products of Land were neither scanty nor unwholesome; yet *Plenty* was unknown amongst our unhappy Artizans. The Increase of the *Poor's Rate* all over the Nation is a Proof of the Decay of *Trade*, the Decrease of Industry, the Ruin of the *Woollen Manufacture*, and the Misery and Want of the whole People, a few over-grown *Place Men* excepted—Give up, old Musty, your *Peace* and *Plenty*, or, by this Light! I shall conclude you to be as arrant a *Shifter* and

secret Pensioner, as Mr. *what do you call him*, of N—— B——, who came in by his Grace's Interest, but now turns his B—— upon his Benefactor.

Earn. I wish your Mr. *what you call him* may be the only Instance of *Ingratitude* amongst our new *Representatives*; for I dread the present Recess will produce many more *Monsters*. *Three Weeks*, to an Active M——r, with a T——y at his Command, is a vast Reprieve.

Jest. But the D——l a Sous in the Ex——r, if you will believe *Lady Fame*. She, forsooth, trumpets about, that the Great *Monster-maker* scatter'd his *Pence* so about him last Summer, that he left not a Silver Groat in the Sack——

Earn. Plhaw! a M——r in full Power want Money at a Pinch!

Jest. And such a damn'd *Pinch*, my Friend, as I would not be put to for the Ex——r, nor for the *Garter* upon some-body's left Leg—— A curs'd *Pinch* it would be, should it work up that same *Garter* from below the *Knee* to the *Gullet*—— but what of that. Let every 'Tub stand on its own Bottom. As Men *sow*, they must hope to *reap*. If any *one* or more deserve a *Garter* above, as much as some others do below, the *Knee*, e'en let them, or him, take it. I envy them not their Wealth, Power, or Honours—*Glory* and *Fame* everlasting they might have required; but if they chose *Infamy* eternal, it would be pitty to strip them of their Choice?

Earn. Alas! my dear Friend, what matters it to you and me, or to the Nation, that *Delinquents* are punish'd? The Chastizement of great *Offenders* may deter future *Statesmen*; and so far it may be as useful as necessary for succeeding Generations. But will the *Tower*, the *Gibbet*, or the *Block*, relieve our *Trade*, the *Ballance* of *Power*, or that
ancient

ancient Bulwork of the *Liberties* of *Europe*, the House of *Austria*? Will present *Chastisement* restore *Britannia* to the *Influence* she had not many Years ago all over the World? Will it bring down the House of *Bourbon*? Will hanging one or more *great Villains*, secure the *Protestant* Religion, when *France* dictates to all *Europe*. Will chopping off a few *obnoxious Heads* restore to Life above *twenty thousand* brave *Britons*, Land-men and Sea-men, that have been sacrificed, ignominiously, I am afraid *industriously*, since the Commencement of the present War with *Spain*?

Jest. Nay, nay, for that Matter, you may put as many Interrogatories as old *Quibble* does to an honest Evidence before a *special Jury*, and to as little Purpose; but, my Querist, if *great Rogues* are not punish'd, how shall small Ones be deter'd? Again, if bad M——rs are not put out of the Way, how shall we come by good Ministers? And would you remedy great *national Evils* without punishing, at least removing, those that had *occasion'd* those heavy Evils? Sure I am, that the Men who have brought us to the unhappy Plight we are in, are the unfittest in the Nation to extricate us out of the Miseries they have brought upon us, and the greater Part of *Europe* in general.

Earn. The Removal of the present M——y may be a Step towards a *Cure* of the great *Evils* that affects the Nation; and the Punishment of great *Delinquents* may carry the *Cure* a little farther; but all this is but skinning over an *Ulcer*. The Virulency remains and will soon break out again, and, probably, attended with greater Danger. To make a *thorough Cure*, Matters must be sifted to the Bottom; the *Evil* must be traced up to its *Source*; the *Root* ———

Jest. Ay, the *Root*—Pshaw! I mean, that—— is the *Root* of all *Evil*—I have a Head, and so

has a minickin Pin—I intended to say that Corruption; no, no, *Avarice*, was the *Root* of all *Evil*. Well, 'tis a *Vice*, thank Heav'n, I am not acquainted with; and tho' I have heard much said of it by Philosophers and Divines, I confess myself still to be an *Ignoramus* as to its Properties and Qualities. The Book-worms will tell you, that this same *Avarice* will blind a Man so that he shall not be able to distinguish Colours; he shan't know a fair, spotless, good-looking Man, from a black, carbuncle-faced *Fellow* with the Gallows in his brazen Phiz. A *covetous Man*, say they, can't distinguish his *Friends* from his *Foes*; Right from Wrong; *public Good* from *private Views*; *Liberty* from *Oppression*; nor that the immediate Interest of his *Family* is incompatible with the ignoble *Passion* he stoops to. They go yet farther; they assert, That a *covetous Man* cannot see a Crum of his own real *Interest*; that he would sacrifice all his best and truest *Friends*, rather than part with a *Doit*; that he would risk his *Cloak*, and even his darling *Family Breeches*, before he would open his *Baggs*—Nay, more, these musty Truth-tellers insist upon't that a *covetous Man* can be neither a good *Father*, a good *Master*, except to *one* that *feeds* him, a good *Friend*, nor a good *Man*. Than, Gad, if a Man be good for nothing, as the Saying is, e'en.—

Earn. Hold, Mr. *Jest*.—

Jest. Not I, faith—I will stop none for thee. What the Devil would you have me do with a Mortal good for nought? What! you would have me court and caress him; tawn upon him, lick his Feet for kicking me, kiss his Hand for but-fetting me? You would have me, forsooth, bless him for chastizing me, for depriving me of my Beef, Pudding and Claret, and for putting me in the Power of my *Enemies* at Home and Abroad—

No,

No, no; if I must *adore* a Man, it must be for some good Reason. Let me find by his Actions that he *loves* me; that he loves No-body less deserving, dutiful or affectionate better; that he does all in his Power to promote my Interest, which may happen to be *inseparable* from his own; if he can save out of his *Income*, let me see that he lays out his Savings willingly and wisely in Times of Danger; it will be as sure a Mark of his *Love* and *Wisdom* to expend in *ticklish* Times, as it would be to lay up and save in Days of *Peace* and *Tranquility*. Let me see a Man inclined to form no Designs on either my *Liberty* or my *Property*, nor inclined to permit others to injure me in either; in short, let me find a Man tender, affectionate, *generous*, wise, cool, intrepid and disinterested; and that Man I will *love*, and even pay him *Adoration*, tho' he be but Flesh and Blood like you or I. But if you ever catch one of the Blood of the old *English Jests* upon his Knees to a Man without these Qualifications, you shall stretch this Wind-pipe of mine—*Love* for *Love* is the *Motto* of my Family; and, if I mistake not, of your's too, Mr. *Earnest*.

Earn. 'Tis so; it was taken up by one of the Family in *France* in the Reign of *Henry IV.* call'd The *Great*, by that dancing, dangerous Nation.

Jest. Upon what Occasion! Pray oblige me with a Narrative of the Circumstances?

Earn. I can refuse you nothing: *Henry IV.* touch'd to the Quick that the Duke *D'Espernon*, a bold, wise and faithful Subject, had found Fault with the Conduct of the Ministry, and particularly with the King's *Partiality*; he told the Duke with great Warmth; “ * *Qu'il etoit un facheux*; “ *qu'il ne cherchoit que les, Occasions de lay de-* “ *plaire; qu'il luy auroit fait plus de plaisir de* “ *demeurer*

* *Duke D'Espernon's Life?*

“demeurer esloigné, que de S’approcher de sa-
 “personne pour luy donner du Mecontentement :
 “Et enfin, qu’il Sçavoit bien il avoit long-tems,
 “qu’il *ne L’aimoit pas.*” Such Language, from
 so great a Prince, would have disconcerted any
 other but the Duke; but he, without Hesitation,
 answer’d; “Sire, votre Majesté n’a point un
 “plus fidelle Serviteur que Moy dans le
 “Royaume, j’aimerois Mieux mourir que de
 “Manquer ala Moindre partie de mon devoir ;
 “Mais, Sire, pour ce qui est de *L’amitié*, votre
 “Majesté Sçait bien *quelle ne S’acquiert que par*
L’amitié.—You understand the *French*.

Jest. Perfectly. Amongst many other Re-
 proaches, the King told the Duke, that he knew
 of a long Time he did *not love him*. To which
 the Duke reply’d, “Sir, as for *Love*, your Ma-
 “jesty knows full well that ’tis not to be ac-
 “quired but by *Love*——” But pray, Mr.
Earnest, how did old *Harry* take the blunt, but
 honest, Repartee?

Earn. As a wise Man ought; in good Part.
 So far was the good Prince from taking ill the
 bold Frankness of a faithful Subject, he, on the
 contrary, caress’d him ever after; and, as a
 Mark of his Confidence in him, left his Queen
 and Children to his Care in an Invasion he in-
 tended to execute in Person, if an untimely Death
 had not prevented him.

Jest. How happy might Subjects be under so
 wise and cool a Prince!

Earn. And how happy might Princes be did
 they act with *Temper*, *Wisdom*, *Affection* and *Mode-*
ration! Did Princes *love* their Subjects, they would
 cherish them: Did they *love*, they would neither
 oppress themselves, nor suffer others to oppress: Did
 they *love*, they would always find grateful Returns
 of *Love*: In fine, did Princes do as in Justice, even
 in

in good Policy, they ought, they needed neither *Guards* nor *Armies* but to protect their People; they needed no *Fleets* but to protect the Trade of their Subjects; nor *Exchequer*, but the Purses of the whole Nation. Let a Prince but show by his Actions that he *loves* his People, and he may assure himself of their Treasure; nay, of their Lives too, should he want Defence. Call to mind the happy Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*; the People were convinced she *loved*, and they judg'd right.

Jest. It was impossible they should judge wrong, when they had so many undoubted Testimonies of her *Love*. What Doubt could Subjects have of their Sovereign's Affection, who, in every Instance, saw her as arduously pursuing their Interest as her own Glory? She protected their *Trade*, and extended it beyond what it ever was before. If she demanded *Subsidies* of them, she laid them out for the Interest, Ease and Glory of the Nation; did she raise *Armies*, it was solely for their Defence, not to *intimidate* or *enslave* them; and as soon as the Purposes of the Public, of the People (for she had no *private Views*, nor *seperate Interest* from her People) the Army was disbanded; she *loved* her People too tenderly to continue their Burthen unnecessarily; and yet there was no *national Debt*, no weighty Clog of *Fifty Millions* to induce her to Oeconomy. Nay, she carry'd her *Tenderness* for her People much farther; she often generously returned to them *whole Subsidies* that had been given her for their Protection, whenever she was able to protect them without Expence. She had no Desire to amass Treasure. If her People had Money, she was sure never to want it in any Exigency; and without absolute Necessity, she never called to them for any. Upon the whole, she was an indulgent, true Parent of her People; and, as such, she commanded their Hearts and their Riches,

Riches. They were liberal, because she was not covetous. My Countrymen are by Nature Admirers of Generosity; they naturally hate *Avarice* in private Life, but they abhor it in their *Rulers*; but Queen *Elizabeth* having a Heart truly *English*, accommodated herself to their Humour not so much from Motives of Self-interest as out of Choice.

Earn. My jocular Friend, it gives me infinite Pleasure to find that you have your serious Intervals.

Jest. I confess they are not frequent; once or twice in a Season perhaps; but when once the *political Jaundice* has seized me, it is sure to take in this whole Machine of mine; every Limb of me is affected, my Heart glows, my Brain swims, and my Tongue ———.

Earn. Moves so fast as to leave no Room for the Motion of any other but your own, ha, ha.

Jest. A just Repremand for having so long silenced your's, far more capable of entertaining and edifying. I heartily beg your Pardon, and intreat you to begin those Observations of the *past* and *present* State of the Nation, which you gave me hopes of, and which few Men can make so truly and accurately.

Earn. *Flattery* is so much in Fashion in the corrupt Age we live in, that even the sacred Laws of Friendship, I perceive by your Encomiums, are not of Force enough to banish it from amongst the most intimate.

Jest. Truce, my dear Friend. What you call *Flattery* was the pure Result of my Opinion of your Experience and Probity; but——

Earn. Nay, nay, since I find you resolv'd to continue it, I will proceed to prevent your saying what must necessarily lessen you in my Esteem—To begin then; From the *Restoration* to the Death of King *Charles II.* never was our *Trade* so beneficial

ficial and flourishing, nor the People so happy ; our *Taxes* were moderate, the Nation was not incumber'd with Debts ; nor were we awed either by a *Military* Force, or oppress'd by Civil Legions of *Drones* employ'd by and under the Command of the *Treasury* ; but still some amongst us were uneasy, which gave Rise to Cabals, Parties, and Plots. This Uneasiness sprung from two Causes chiefly ; one was purely religious, the other solely political. It was suspected that the King was secretly inclined to the *Romish* Religion, and the Bias of his Brother, the Heir apparent to that Opinion, was scarce questionable, tho' he declared not openly till after *Charles's* Death.

Jest. He declared as soon as it became necessary, like a Man of Honour ; for which Reason, if there had been no other, as there were many, I always look'd upon the younger Brother to have been the honefter Man of the two.

Earn. King *James II.* was naturally a Man of his Word and sincere, understood the Interest, particularly the *commercial* Interest of these Kingdoms, best of any Prince that went before him ; and was as capable of making the Nation every Way happy as any King we have had, if he had not been too zealous in Religion. He had a good and sound Understanding, which made me wonder how he came to be led into all those destructive Measures which lost him the Affection and Confidence of his Subjects : For he certainly had more Experience, and as clear, if not a clearer, Head than any of those in whom he confided most to his Ruin. In short, he wanted no Qualification, but the Religion of his People, to have made us a great and happy Nation.

Jest. Did he love his People ?

Earn. I won't answer for his *Love* to all his Subjects in general, because I have heard that the

Scotch and Irish complain'd of his Partiality to his *English* Subjects.

Jest. Complaint is so blended with human Nature, that it is not improbable but the *English* complain'd of his Partiality to his other Subjects.

Earn. I don't remember to have heard Complaints on that particular Head ; nor do I believe there was any Occasion for it ; for I never knew that that Prince was tax'd with want of Tendernefs for his Countrymen.

Jest. What do you call a Want of Tendernefs, if making Attempts upon People's Liberties be not such ? he declared himself of a different Communion from his People ; and you know, Mr. *Earneft*, that *Popery* and *Slavery* are inseparable.

Earn. The Annals of many Nations, and particularly of our own, give strong Evidence of the contrary: For our *Magna Charta*, and most other Laws that secure our *Liberties*, even at this Day, we owe to the Virtue and Resolution of our *Popish* Ancestors. I know not what modern *Popery* may have in it to incline Men to Slavery ; but certain I am, that *Papists* are not the only *Slaves* in *Europe*. Extend your View to the *Protestant* States of *Germany* ; and, indeed, to those of *Europe* in general, you will find scarce any Traces of *Liberty*, unless it be in these Kingdoms, the *united Provinces*, *Sweden*, a few *Hans Towns*, and the lesser Number of the *Swiss Cantons*. Of these last the Majority are of the *Romish* Communion ; and so are the free States of *Poland*, *Venice*, *Genoa*, *Lucca*, and *St. Marino* : So that it does not appear evident to me, that Christian Religion, whether *Popish* or *Protestant*, has any Thing in it, merely as a Religion, that either strengthens or weakens the sacred Bands of *Freedom*. The *Virtuous* and *Courageous* may, and will, always be *Free* ; or at least will make glorious Struggles for *Freedom*, be they either *Protestant* or *Popish* : And
Ambition

Ambition and *Tyranny* will seize the Heart of some *Princes*, be their *Religion* what it will.

Jest. The *Religion* of *Princes* ; ha, ha ; the pious *Drama* acted at present in *Germany* and *Italy*, loudly speaks the Justice and *Religion* of the *Princes* of *Europe*. Mr. *Earnest*, I imagined you were too well read in *History*, and too well acquainted with the present Set of scepter'd *Mortals*, to suggest that *Religion* was an Article in the Creed of any of them, except our own gracious Monarch, whose *Piety* and *Virtue* of every Complexion, are as conspicuous as Father *Sol* in a Summer's Day, or Mother *Luna* in a frosty Winter's Night. Thrice happy are we that have so bright an *Example* to copy ! — But, that you may have no Room to reprimand me a second Time for Flattery, I will drop the pleasing Subject, that you may go on with the Portraiture you began——You said that in *Charles II's* Days, the national Uneasiness arose from two principal Causes. The Dread of *Popery*, I suppose, was one ; a pretty Puppet to play with, when crafty, ambitious Men have any secret Game to play. Pray what was the other ?

Barn. A Consequence of the first ; Dread of *Slavery*.

Jest. I thought you would come at last to perch upon my Twig of *Popery* and *Slavery* to be inseperable.

Earn. I have already shewn you, that *Papists* may be *Free*, and that *Protestants* may be *Slaves*.

Jest. You have so ; pray Heaven we may never know it by Experience ! but, unless you can shew me that the *Slavery* dreaded in King *Charles's* Reign was not to be grafted on *Popery*, you can never persuade me out of my first Opinion.

Earn. If *Charles* and *James* had been staunch *Protestants*, their Conduct, in Regard to *France*, would have authoriz'd the Dread conceiv'd of *Slavery* in those Days. Could *Englishmen* sit down uncon-

cern'd whilst their Princes tamely saw *France*, extending her Limits, encroaching upon her Neighbours, enlarging her Trade, and dictating to all *Europe*? This ignominious *Tameness* in our Court in those Days, alarm'd the Wise at the first, and, at last, the whole Nation: The Alarm was just; it was founded on those stated Maxims of Policy which forbid the Encrease of any one *single Power* that might endanger that *European Ballance of Power*, which is the Security of general *Freedom*. Had *Charles* withstood the Gold and alluring Promises of *Louis XIV.* he needed not have dissolved his Parliaments, nor apprehended Plots; and had *James*, who, to do him Justice, I believe was above being a Pensioner; had he, I say, chimed in with the Humour of his People, in confederating with those Powers that were inclined to check the Career of *Louis*, we should have had no *Revolution*. His *Religion* was not so obnoxious as his Conduct with Regard to *France*, because in Reality it was not so dangerous. We might have been a Great and Happy Nation, tho' King *James* had been a *Mahometan*, or had no Religion at all; but we must have lost our Influence in *Europe*, our Trade, and, necessarily, our Liberties, by his servile Complaisance to *France*, had he continued on the Throne.

Jest. But may not his *Tameness* be owing rather to a Dread of the Power of *Louis* than to Friendship?

Earn. I can't think so meanly of that unfortunate Prince, who gave many signal Instances of his Courage? besides, he had no immediate Cause for apprehending the Resentment of *France*; he had no *Competitor* to his Crown, whom he might dread to be play'd upon him, should he join the Friends of Liberty.

Jest. 'Sdeath! and had a King of *Great Britain* twenty *Competitors*, would that be any Reason for him to sit with his Arms a-cross, when he might have

have commanded the Hearts and Hands, gad, and the Purfes too, of a brave People, willing to level the growing Tyrant?

Earn. A King of *England*, that governs fo as to acquire the *Affections* of his Subjects, can never want their Support in the Cause of general Liberty.

Jest. Nor to baffle all Designs in Favour of any *Competitors* ; but, Mr. *Earnest*, should any of our Kings, in time to come, chuse rather to *awe* than *woo* his People ; to *oppress*, rather than *ease* them ; tamely to *neglect*, rather than *protect* them ; should *England* be ever curs'd with such a *Chief*, that should be *deaf* to the Complaints of a whole People, against an impious wicked Minister ; who should sacrifice the *national Interest* in every Instance ; who should corrupt the *Senate* ; who should intimidate by an *Army* ; and who should continue the *national Debt*, not only to increase the Number of his *Dependents*, but as a *Security* for the Obedience of the Subject ; should, I say, *Britons* ever be plagued with a King that should rule thus, unlike the Father of his People, I won't answer that he would not have good Cause for dreading a *Competitor* — But I forget that I impertinently interrupt you in the Course of your Inquiry. King *James*, you said, with many shining Qualities, lost his Crown chiefly for having too great Confidence in *France*, and not joining vigorously in Maintenance of the *Ballance of Power*.

Earn. 'Tis true : If that mistaken Prince had closely confederated with the Emperor, and other Princes of *Germany*, the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the united *Provinces*, to check the Ambition of *Louis XIV.* the *Revolution* had never been supported, nor so much as dream'd of by these *Foreign Powers*.

Jest. Well, a grazing the frenchify'd King was sent, and the Throne was fill'd by a Prince who certainly was neither enamour'd nor afraid of old *Louis*.

Earn.

Earn. Necessity made King *William* an Enemy to *Louis*, who first attempted the Conquest of his native Country in 1672, and afterwards asserted the Rights of the abdicated King. Some would say, that *Envy* had no small Share in the *Enmity* which King *William* was thought to bear to *Louis*. Great Men, seldom can brook an Equal, much less a Superior in Power and Glory. But, be the Cause what it will, 'tis certain King *William* hated *Louis XIV.* personally; perhaps it had been better for these Kingdoms if he had abhorred his *Ambition* more than his *Person*; but prejudiced as King *William* is supposed to have been, *Louis* found Means to over-reach him, in the Treaty for partitioning the *Spanish* Monarchy after the Death of *Charles II.* King of *Spain*.

Jest. Ah! that damn'd *Partition-Treaty*! 'tis strange that so penetrating a Prince as King *William* was supposed to be, could be so deluded: Methinks the Consequence was too obvious to escape his Observation.

Earn. As great a Genius as that Prince was, he had his Foibles; the Earl of *P——d* was a Favourite; and the Favourite was caress'd at the *French* Court: He had uncommon Honours paid to him in his Embassy to *Louis XIV.* and 'tis not improbable but that *Louis* found out that he was a *Dutchman*.

Jest. Low *Dutchman* or high *Dutchman*, all a one for that; *Self-interest* guides the World—Well; we got the *Partition Treaty* by that Reign, and a *Legacy*, by far a better Thing. We secured our *Religion*, which, to be sure, is a precious Jewel with the present Generation of *Free-thinkers*, and our Liberties to boot, in that War-like Reign. 'Tis true they cost us pretty dear; I think about 50 Millions ready Money, besides about 18 Millions, which we owed at the Death of that great King; but

but who would not spend to the last Shilling to support a King that would rather fight than negotiate Preliminaries or sneaking *Neutrality*es.

Earn. *England* may get by fighting, but never by *treating*, with *France*, unless she has ——

Jest. Abler and honester *Negotiators* than a certain Couple that have taken their stand on each side of the T——; but, to the Subject in Hand; King *William* left us a *Legacy*, God bless him for his Generosity, and a Debt of 18 Millions for his Successor to pay off.

Earn. He did so; but he left a *War* also, which Queen *Ann* must have taken up, or be undone, as Matters had been manag'd.

Jest. Oh! let that damn'd *Partition Treaty* be curs'd a second Time; and for ever, say I— Well; good Queen *Ann* took up the Gauntlet, and, faith, well became her; for tho' she wore but Petticoats, she paid off old *Louis's* Jacket with a Witness. She had a good *English* Heart of her own, and so had her Ministers, Generals, and Admirals. She clapt no *Padlock* on the Swords of her Commanders, but gave them Orders to kill, burn and destroy, and meant that her Orders should be literally obey'd. She broke none of her deserving Officers for *voting* according to their Conscience; nor would she countenance, much less *protect*, a *Minister* that should dare to resent a brave Commander's *voting* as he thought proper. She, glorious Princess, had no *seperate Interest* from her People; she look'd upon them as her political Children, and was so tender a Mother, that she contributed largely towards the public Expence out of a scanty Revenue, and put an End to the War as soon as she perceiv'd that the Purposes of the War were answered.

Earn. Your Encomiums of that good Queen are as just, as it is true, that the *Ballance of Power*, which was the principal Purpose of the *War*, would have

have been for ever secured, if succeeding Ministers had not connived at, or, at least, tamely and shamefully permitted an Encrease of the Power and Influence of the House of *Bourbon*.

Jest. What could infatuate Men to steer the same Course which lost *James II's* Crown?

Earn. After Queen *Ann's* Death a new System of Policy was embraced, a System, as difficult to be reconciled to the Interest of *England*, in particular, as to that of *Protestants* in general: *France* was courted and carefs'd, and the *Emperor* and the other Parties to the *grand Alliance*, were neglected at least, if not openly slighted.

Jest. Ah! Mr. *Earnest*, the *Breeches*, the *Breeches*! that damn'd lousy *Breeches* has caused all our present Woe.

Earn. Tho' it was obviously the Interest of *Great Britain*; and, indeed, if all the Powers of *Europe*, except *France*, that the Emperor's Hands should be strengthen'd; yet am I afraid, that other Notions were entertained by *those* who slighted his Imperial Majesty, and fawn'd upon *France* after the Queen's Decease, and ever since. This Indifference, not to call it by a harsher Name, towards the Emperor, has caused the present Weight of Calamities that o'er-whelm the Queen of *Hungary*. I own it has often puzzled me to find any colourable Excuse for the Conduct of our *British* Ministry with regard to *France* and the late *Emperor*, ever since the *Accession* of our present Royal Family. I could not see why a *Protestant German* Family might not think it their Interest to strengthen the Lands of the House of *Austria* against that of *Bourbon*: Methinks their Territories in *Germany* should weigh with them in regard to the *Head* of the Empire, whose Power would always be the best Security of the inferior Princes of *Germany* against *France*, and all other foreign Powers. I should think also, that it would
have

have been the natural Interest of the present Royal Family, to keep *France* as low as she was left by the Peace of *Utrecht*; it being certain that no Power in *Europe* can so conveniently, or so powerfully, support the Interest of the *Pretender*; nor had any other shewn so great Willingness to abet the Pretensions of the *Competitor* as *France*. These Motives for supporting the late *Emperor*, and for restraining the Power of *France*, seem so obvious and so cogent, that I confess I am puzzled——

Jest. To account for a Series of *Blunders*—Why don't you call Things by their proper Names? For my Part, I hate palliating Matters. I love Truth, and shall never conceal it in Complaisance to Ministers, or——. Now you shall see how soon I shall develope this Mystery, which puzzled so many wiser Heads than mine. Without being a Conjuror, I think one may conclude that the *Family Breeches* drew upon us all the Evils we complain of: For Instance; the *Emperor* may be look'd upon as a necessary Ally by *Britain*; the more powerful he was, the securer would she be against *France*, her Rival and hereditary Enemy; but as Head of the *Empire*, the Emperor may have been seen in another Light by an E——r of H——r. He might think, that the Lustre of another House in *Germany* eclipsed his own; that he was seated on a powerful Throne, which would enable him to give the Law in the Empire, if the *Head* were less powerful; and that he could not safely enlarge his *hereditary Dominions* till the *Head* of the *Germanick* Body should be so reduced as not to be in Condition to support the Rights of the weakest Members. B——n and V——n were new Acquisitions, and others were in view, of which the Emperor, as impartial Chief of the Empire, ought not, nor would not, give the Investiture, whilst he was able to assert the Power annex'd to the Imperial Diadem. I assert again and
E again,

again, that the Passion of some Folks for the old *Family Breeches* was the Original of all the Sights put upon *Charles VI.*—You will say, why should Men of Sense prefer a scanty, paultry Pair of *Breeches* to a full, fair *Cloak* made of the best Stuff in *Europe*? I answer first, That there are some Prejudices which some Men can never get the better of; and next, that the old *Breeches* were all that Men might be forced to trust to in a cold Winter's Night, should certain *stubborn* Folks take it into their Noddles to toss a Man out of his *Cloak*. 'Tis true there was no Likelihood the Thing would happen; but as it has been seen that some honest Men had been served scurvy Tricks, strip'd of the *Cloak*, and sent a wandering into the Cold, it was enough to give the *Panick*, and consequently to gain the *Breeches* the Preference of the *Cloak*. You will readily concur with me as to the Family Partiality in Favour of the old *Breeches*, if you recollect the immense Treasure laid out upon it since 1715, in foreign *Troops*, *Subsidies* to indigent, but neighbouring Princes, and secret *Pensions* and public *Journeys*. Add to these Articles, the Millions of white and yellow *Medals* sent to line the *Pockets* of this same favourite *Breeches*, and you won't wonder that the poor *Cloak* is fit for little else than to be hung out at the End of *Monmouth-Street*.

Having thus acquitted myself, I hope to your Satisfaction, of the first Part of my Promise, I now come to the second, which regarded our great Deference to *France* since the Death of *Queen Ann*. *France* is within Call of us, tho' there be a Bridge wanting to facilitate her Visits: But what Nature denies is often supply'd by Art and Power. Now, to give the dancing *French* Nation their Due, they want neither, so that, should the Maggot bite, 'tis ten to one but they would lay a Wooden Bridge, in spite of all our floating Castles, which would

answer

answer their vile Purposes. This same Facility of making unwelcome Visits, threw some *Folks* into a devilish Twigue: The Dread hung heavy upon them, nor was it possible to bring them to any sort of Composure of Mind, till a certain *Higb-german* Doctor, called *B——b——r*, (stiled a *Count* by his Countrymen, amongst whom, even *Princes* are as plenty as Cucumbers in a hot Summer) found out the following Nostrum. “ Let us, said he, treat “ *France* as some *Indians* do the *Devil*; let us “ bow to her, offer Incense to her, and adore her, “ as they do the black Gentleman, for Fear of “ the Mischief she can do. There is a certain “ brisk young Fellow beyond Hills higher than “ the Clouds, whom she often takes lovingly by the “ Hand, as if she design’d to serve him. Now, “ continued the Quack, I will pawn my Joulter- “ head, and my black Perriwig to boot, that she “ never more will smile upon him, if we *new* “ *Comers* sacrifice to her: For, added he, what “ could she expect more from him, or the supplest “ Creatures alive, than passive Obedience and “ *Non-resistance*? By this Implicitness to her high “ Pleasures, we shall not only preserve and enlarge “ the Family *Breeches*, but keep the *Cloak* too in “ spite of all the Powers of the Earth: Nay, we “ shall keep it in spight of all the stubborn, fickle “ *Virmine* that creep upon it; and these Insects “ we shall *load* and *chain* till they burst with An- “ guish and Despair.” *Probatum est*. The Quack was heard, his Advice taken, and followed ever since. There are some *Maxims* that descend from *Father* to *Son*, like Honours or Mansion-houses: I wish that this *Adoration* to the *French* D——I may not be one.

’Tis true, indeed, this *dark Deity* has not of late been so civil as it may have been expected by his *Adorer*.: For we see, that so soon as he dis-

patch'd one of the *Spirits* towards the Waistband of the *Breeches*, how his Votaries doubled their Adoration. It was then, my dear D——l, my beloved D——l, he was sweeten'd and soften'd by a gilded Pill, call'd N——l——y ; but, gad, the D——l, sensible of the Panick some Folks were in for the *Breeches*, insisted that one of his Family might have free Egress and Regress with his Legions to old *Latium*, without Let or Molestation from the burthen'd *Vermine* that crept upon the *Cloak*, or spread themselves upon the Waters of the Deep. No sooner was this Injunction also comply'd with, but Nick bellow'd out a third, *Sene qua non*, the *Breeches* was to be torn to Tatters : And that was, that the Hands of one of the poor *Vermine* of the *Cloak*, call'd V——n in the Language of a certain head-strong Generation, should be ty'd behind his Back for fear of hitting a damn'd knock of his Fist in the Chopps of a younger Brother of *Monsieur le Diable*, who stands with one of his spindle Shanks in *Europe*, and the other in *America*, when that same V——n, who hates *Monsieur D——l*, and all his Family mortally, would have tickled his Toby for him, if he had not been hand-cuffed from *Home*.

Earn. Mr. *Jest*, you have given a Laconick, but a rational, and, I very much fear, a *true* Account of the Motives that might have induced our Court, ever since the Death of Queen *Ann*, to be cool upon the House of *Austria*, and uncommonly complaisant to that of *Bourbon*.

Jest. Lord, Lord ! how some Folks love Minc'd-pye. You can't, for your Life, call a Surreverence a T——d, nor a bad Man a Villain. There is no bearing your chopping and mincing—Cool upon the House of *Austria*, and complaisant to that of *Bourbon* ! What could a *Place-man* or *Pensioner* speak in smother Strains ? 'Sdeath ! was it being,

cool

cool only to have made a Treaty at *H——r* with *France*, by which the *Emperor* was to have been stripp'd if he had not come into all the compulsive Measures of the *Allies* of *H——r*? Did not the Consequences resulting from that Treaty dissolve the Harmony and Alliance between the *Emperor* and *Philip V.* which it was so much the Interest of *Britain* to see continued for ever? Can any Man call the Introduction of *Don Carlos* into *Italy* a *Coolness* only to the *Emperor*? Do you call it *Coolness* only in *One* whose Interest it is to be your fast Friend, to stand with his Arms a-cross, whilst your common Enemy breaks your Pate and runs away with the best of your Apparel? The Application is obvious. Did we not tamely see the House of *Bourbon* annex *Lorraine*, *Naples* and *Sicily* to her vast Possessions in the late War between her and the *Emperor*? Did we not suffer *France* to manage the late *War* and *Peace* between the *Port* and the *Emperor* in such a partial Manner as strengthened the first, and quite debilitated the latter? But, oh shameful! what Need of other Proof that we have not only been *cool*, but p—f—us, to the House of *Austria*, than the present melancholly Situation of the abandon'd Queen of *Hungary*? Was she not lull'd into a fatal Security by a G——y which was not attempted, and, I fear, never intended to be perform'd? What have been the Consequences to the House of *Austria* of the vigorous Sp——e from the T——e, and flaming *Addresses* the last Session of the last memorable *Parliament*? How has the Money granted for her Support been laid out? Was it employ'd in securing the *Breeches* abroad, or a *Majority* at home? By the way let it be observ'd, that neither of these *Ends* are like to be answer'd; such are the just D——s of *H——n*. Shall it be call'd by the soft Name of *Coolness* only, to clap up a *Neutrality* that not only permits, but encourages, all
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the ravenous Wolves of G——y to divide amongst them the hereditary Dominions of *Austria*? What shall we call giving a Vote to the Elector of *Bavaria*?—But, oh Genius of *England*! aid me to find an apt Epithet to express our Conduct in consequence, and since, the aforesaid *Neutrality*. To see the Sovereigns of the Ocean permit *Spain* to lord it on that Element with *Three Men of War* only, and Convoy *Fifteen Thousand Men* from *Spain* to *Italy*, in order to dispossess the Queen of *Hungary* of her Dominions there; sure, I say, to see this done in the Face of the Sun, speaks not only a *Coolness* towards the House of *Austria*, but Dread, or, rather *Adoration*, of that of *Bourbon*——I shall hereafter observe more minutely on our Conduct in Regard to our maritime Affairs. In the mean while, let me ask you seriously, whether it does not appear from our Conduct towards the House of *Austria*, down from the Time of contracting the *quadruple Alliance* to this, that there was a premeditated Design of reducing its *Power*, if not to *destroy* it quite? But whether there was, or was not, such Resolution really taken after the Death of Queen *Ann*, is of little Consequence for you or me to know, or for *Britons* in general; but, sure I am, that our late Conduct towards that once illustrious House, the genuine Bulwark of the *Liberties* of *Europe* since the Peace of *Munster*, has given a deeper Wound to our dear *Britannia* than she has had since the *Norman* Conquest. Adieu to our *Religion* and *Freedom*, when *France* has no Resistance to dread from the Powers on the Continent. Farewel to the poor Remains of our *Trade*, when *France* opens the Ports of *Dunkirk* and the *Scheld* up to *Antwerp*; when she adds the fertile Soil, the Ports, the Rivers, the Canals, the Riches, the *Industry* and the Inhabitants of the *Austrian Netherlands* to her present vast Power and Possessions: And who dare dispute

dispute with her the Possession of those fair Provinces, now that the House of *Austria* is no more? Who dare dispute her making the *Rhine* the Barrier of her Empire from *Switzerland* down to the Ocean? Or who shall be able to dispute with her the Empire of the *Ocean*, that Jewel of the *British* Diadem, for Ages past, when she shall have added the maritime Power of *Holland* to that of which she is already possess'd? And sure no reasonable Man will dispute that *Holland* must be tributary at least, when *France* shall have perfected her Schemes of Power and universal Sway. When this Day of Horror comes; when the Glass of our *Freedom* is run out, whom shall we call the Authors of our Woe? Shall we have Reason to bless or curse the *Contrivers* of our Bondage, the *Forgers* of our Chains? Shall we have Cause to wish we never had seen the *Ministers*, nor their M—, that had been necessary to destroying the *Ballance of Power* which kept *France* within Bound; that *Ballance of Power* which cost us an Ocean of Blood, and so vast a Treasure that it would almost cover the Surface of those poor, lousy, scanty, *foreign Possessions*, which drew Persons, that shall be nameless, from the Interest of the drooping *Britannia*? Whom shall we charge with not keeping up the Spirit of the *Revolution*, nor answering the Purposes of it, in supporting the House of *Austria*, maintaining the *Ballance of Power*, and keeping *France* so low, as not to be able to insult, intimidate or conquer?— One short Question more and I am done, for I am almost choak'd with Rage and Despair. Shall we not bless the glorious *Deliverer* for a *Legacy*, which, without all doubt, he left us to perpetuate his Memory, and make us *Amends* for the dutiful and affectionate *Pains* that had been taken by us, during his whole Reign, to make the *Crown* sit *easy* on his royal Temples?

Earn.

Earn. You put me in mind of King *Charles II.* who was so naturally fond of Ease and Freedom, and so averse to the Constraint of Pomp and Royalty, that he could scarce hold out with Patience the short Ceremony of a publick Audience. You could not be serious for another Minute if you were to have got a Title by it.

Jest. No Titles for me, except that of a plain, honest, true-born *Englishman*, that loves *Liberty* and his *Country* better than *Ribbands*, *Places*, *Pensions*, the *Squeeze* of *Ministers*, or *Smiles* of *Kings*. But surely you don't think that I intended to be ludicrous by my last *Interrogatory*?

Earn. Can you suppose otherwise, when you mention the *Gratitude* of King *William* for the *Ease* with which we made the *Crown* sit upon him? Either you forget that chequer'd *Reign*, or would rally your old Acquaintance. Never was Prince made more uneasy by his Parliaments; never was a general later, or worse supply'd in War, or a King less courted or caress'd in Peace. Compare that *Reign* and the *present* and *last*, and you will soon percieve the Difference. In that the *Supplies* were always scanty and tardy; in *these* they were early and abundant. In *that* a strict Account was ask'd and had of the *Ministry* how the national Treasure was employ'd; in *these* the Account was annually ask'd, but as constantly refused by a ministerial M—j—y. In *that*, during a Peace, even *Guards* were scarce allow'd; in *these* great and dreadful *Armies* are kept on Foot, either for the Pleasure of *Reviews* and Encampments, or for *Purposes* you may guess at. In that *Reign* a *Minister* dare not advise, much less conclude, a Treaty or *Convention*, against the Grain and Interest of the whole People. In *these* we have seen the Treaties of *H—r*, and *S—e*, and the memorable *C—*

Jest.

Jest. Not so fast, old Positive ; you forget the *Partition*.

Earn. But I remember that the Authors, or supposed *Authors*, were call'd to a severe Account, and voted Enemies to their Country. And I likewise remember, that the *Projector* of those obnoxious *Treaties* and *Conventions* in the late *Reigns* was applauded and caress'd ; and that the *Treaties* themselves had the Sanction of a virtuous, uncorrupt *Majority*. I admit that the *Partition-Treaty* was productive of much Evil ; that the bloody and expensive War in Queen *Ann's* Days was owing to it, and that——

Jest. The duce ; you would not lengthen out your Enumeration of *Evils* to the End of the *Revelations* ? Before you proceed, pray explain how this same memorable *Partition* came to be the Mother of all *Evil* ?

Earn. Thus ; King *Charles II.* of *Spain* was in a languishing State of Health, and having no Issue, design'd to leave the *Spanish* Monarchy intire to the younger Branch of his House ; that is, to the Emperor *Leopold* and his Sons, the late Emperors *Joseph* and *Charles*. *Louis XIV.* who had renown'd, as well as his Queen, all Claim to the *Spanish* Monarchy, saw there was no Way of altering *Charles* his Brother-in-Law's Intentions in Favour of *Leopold*, but by alarming his Jealousy ; he therefore projected a Treaty of *Partition* of the *Spanish* Monarchy between the Houses of *Austria*, *Bavaria* and *Savoy*, into which he artfully drew King *William*, by secret Practices, as it was thought, on his Favourite, the E—— of P——d. This Address of bringing *England*, *Holland*, and most of the great Powers of *Europe*, into a Treaty for dividing *Charles's* Dominions after his Death, had all the Effect which *Louis* had in View : For no sooner was the Treaty sign'd, but it was secretly laid

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before *Charles*, who was so enrag'd at the Insult offer'd to him, by *England* in particular, on whom he depended most to guaranty his Succession entire to *Leopold*, that he immediately alter'd his Will in Favour of *Philip*, the present King of *Spain*. By this Means *France* got peaceable Possession of the *Spanish* Monarchy on the Death of *Charles*, which *Leopold* would have had, if the Insult offer'd to the dying Prince, by partitioning his Possessions without his Consent, had not provok'd him to change the Disposition he intended.

'Tis hard to guess what should induce King *William*, who was thought to be as great in the Cabinet as in the Field, to fall into a *Snare* which could scarce fail being observ'd by the most moderate Understanding.

Jest. I see no Difficulty at all in solving the Matter. You shall see me untie the *Knot* without having Recourse either to *Alexander's* broad Sword, or the grand *Conjuror* in *D——g Street*.—As the Passion of certain *Folk*, for the Family *Dublet*, has brought most of our present *Evils* upon us, so did the Love of a Pair of *Dutch Trowzers* produce the memorable *Partition Treaty*. Should *Leopold*, being Emperor, add the whole *Spanish* Monarchy to his hereditary Dominions, it may have been dreaded, that he, or some of his Successors, would become as formidable as *Charles V.* and then stand clear Mynheers *Hogan Mogan*, who not only threw off the Yoke of *Spain*, but even encroach'd on the *Spanish Netherlands*, during the Inability of *Spain*. Now, tho' the great Power, which the *Spanish* Monarchy would add to the remaining Branch of the House of *Austria*, would be of Advantage to *England*, as it would secure her and the *Liberties* of *Europe* against the Power and Artifice of *France*; yet might *Holland* be jealous of such Power in a Family that had just Demands upon her.

her. The *Dutch*, both *High* and *Low*, have very significant Words in their Language, to express *native Soil*; they call it *Motherland*; and, I make no doubt, that the *Partition* was as much owing to this same dear *Motherland* as the late *Neutrality*, and that long Bead-roll of *Treaties*, provisional *Treaties*, *Preliminaries*, *Conventions*, foreign *Subsidies*, foreign *Troops*, and all the *Et Cæteras* which have laid dejected *Britannia* as low as she is at present——Dear Mr. *Earnest*, when shall we blind infatuated *Englishmen* love *Motherland* as much as the *Dutch* and *Germans*? When shall we consult our real Interest? When shall we tread back the unsafe, expensive *Path* which led us into all the *Difficulties*, all the *Hardships*, all the *Calamities* which stare us full in the Face? ——My worthy Friend, take the Pains to paint the present distracted State of our Affairs. Few Men see them so distinctly, or deplore them so much; and 'tis some Alleviation in Pain to know one's Distemper. I feel all the Anguish that should affect an *Englishman*, tho' I know not so minutely the Cause of it.

Earn. *Infandum AMICE, jubes renovare dolorem.*

Jest. Thank you for your Compliment: I take the Substitution of *Amice* for *Regina*, to be design'd as one, however the Variation may bear the Test of the Book-worms, and particularly of that learned Critic, and truly *Orthodox*, Compiler, of T——'s Life, who has found out in his Excursion to see if modern *Rome* be not more *Pagan* than the ancient, an apt Likeness between the *Consul*, who saved his Country in a dangerous Conspiracy, and One who has brought this his *Motherland* into Scorn and Contempt, with all the Nations of the Earth.

Earn. What may not a Man of Learning do?

Jest. Rather, what may not a bold F—t—r attempt, who would quite unchurch the Church of *Rome*, that he may the easier introduce D——n

on the Ruins of all reveal'd Religion, and particularly the C——h of E——d. The Glory of these Islands, and Admiration of the Continent, who denies not to have received her *Ordination* and some other *Essentials* from that of *Rome*? But such is the Man, who is the Creature, the *Pensioner*, and the G——r Trumpeter of the M——r, whose Province it is, under the August *Head* of the *Church*, to cherish and maintain the Purity of her Doctrine.

Earn. The *Patron* we will leave to the Conviction of his own upright Heart, or, if that won't do, to the Justice of the Nation: The Client, to the Correction of his *Diocesan*; or, if he have not the Power, nor the *Will* to chastize, e'en let him be turn'd over to the *Convocation*.

Jest. *Ad Græcas Calendas.* If spiritual *Delinquents* be not call'd to Account till the *Convocation* be permitted to meet, they may reckon upon being as safe as the governing *Bashaws* of our Colonies, the late *Directors* of the *Charitable Corporation*, the late *Commissioners* for licensing *Hawkers and Pedlars*, or a late *Teller* of the *Exchequer* — But pray, Mr. *Earnest*, has the *Convocation* been muzzled almost ever since the *Accession*, to prevent or —— *Infidelity* and Immorality? or as a Compliment or —— to the establish'd, nursing C——h?

Earn. The known *Zeal* and *Piety* of the royal H——d of our poor Church, don't permit us to doubt of his paternal Intentions.

Jest. Ay, ay, that is true, *Love* and *Intention* are synonymous Terms for one and the same Thing — Well; the *Church* is, to be sure, very happy in having so *intelligent* and *tender* a H——d; and, *e contra*, the H——d, very happy in having so *passive* a C——h to govern — Well, well, having dispatch'd this same *Convocation*, which struck so much Terror into the sound *Hearts* of certain P——es
and

and inferior Pastors, let us proceed to our *Grievances*, and first, let us examine the State of our *Liberty*; Mr. *Earnest*, make not those wry Faces, as if you did not approve of the Discussion, or were afraid of entering upon it: Tell me not of your *renovare*, nor *insandum*. I won't be said nay, *Liberty* is the Birth-right of a *Briton*; I was born with it—another Shrug, as if you doubted I was born free—Prithee, old Mumps, do'st think I am a Chick of Yesterday. I tell you I was born long before the *Accession*, or the *Revolution* either; *Englishmen* were free before either the present or last Century, and I hope will be so, when all those that have made dangerous Attempts upon our *Freedom*, shall be no more.

Earn. You are very sanguine, Mr. *Jest*; but you jocular Gentlemen are generally as brim full of *Hopes* as Spirits: Now for my Part, I can't wind up my Fancy with Chimeras. What *Hopes* can a rational *Briton* conceive of future *Freedom*, when his Country shall have lost her *Trade*, consequently her *Power* and *Influence*? What *Hopes* can he form of *Liberty*, when *France* shall make and unmake *Kings* and *Emperors* at her Pleasure; shall partition out the whole Continent as she pleases; and shall render all *Europe* her Tributaries or *Slaves*? Shall we vainly hope to retrieve our Affairs, to flourish, to rise by the same *Conduct*, under the same *Directions* which brought us so low and despicable as we now are? I would not willingly despond, but without a Miracle——

Jest. A steady, virtuous *Representative* you mean, such a one as I hope we are bless'd with at present.

Earn. My Friend, you forget that our *Legislature* is *Tripartite*.

Jest. But I remember who has, or ought to have, Custody of the *Purse*; and I always saw that the
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grey Mare was the better Horse, whilst she had the Command of the *Pence*.

Earn. But supposing the Keepers of the *Purse* should be able to induce their Associates in Power, to concur in an Alteration of Measures, what can their joint Effects do towards retrieving past Misconduct? What can we do without *Allies*, without *Reputation*, or without Power? What can we do whilst we groan under the Weight of insupportable *Taxes*, Decay of *Trade*, and a national Debt of almost *Fifty Millions*, which not only sinks our *Industry*, but gives, I might say, an incurable Wound to our *Freedom*.

Jest. Why, faith, old Friend, that is right; for I remember to have plunged myself wantonly, in my unthinking Days, into a pretty large *Debt*, which I contracted to carry on a Chancery Suit against my elder Brother's Son; and, gad, I smart for it to this very Hour; so that a Man who is daily in Dread of a Clap on the Shoulder by a rascally *Bum*, cannot be said to be in a State of perfect *Freedom*.

Earn. *Perfect Freedom*, did you say, my Friend? alas! how can People form so much an Idea of it, who are plunged into so large a *Debt*, as puts them irrevocable into the Power of every *Minister* at the Head of the T——y? Judge of the additional Power which a *Minister*, or C——t, acquires by awing, nay, by commanding, the *three great Companies*, the principal Creditors of the Publick: Judge again, how his Power is encreased by the Multiplication of Places in his Gift, and what an *Influence* he must acquire in all Elections, special Juries, and on various other Occasions, by the *Swarms* employ'd in the Collection of the *Taxes* for paying the annual Interest of the mighty *Debt*. The *Civil Legions* are as absolutely at the Beck of a T——r, as the *Military* are at the Devotion of his Master.

Jest.

Jest. Dreadful Apprehensions! but, Mr. *Earnest*, you mentioned the Words *irrevocably in the Power of a Minister, or C——t*. I hope you did not mean, that it was intended our *national Debt* should never be paid off? 'Tis true, I have heard it whisper'd, that it was one of the Quack *B——b——r's* *Advices* or *Maxims*, never to pay off the *publick Debts*; alledging as a Reason, that they were the only *Pledges* his *M——r's* Family could have for our Loyalty and Fidelity. The same Language, I remember to have heard in the Days of *Mouſe M——ue*, when he and others first projected *Anticipations* after the *Revolution*.

Earn. Tho' I can't answer for the Truth of what you may have heard concerning *Advice* or *Maxims*, either by *B——b——r* since the *Accession*, or *M——ue* after the *R———n*; I will venture to assert, That our *whole Debt* might have been paid off by this Time, if *Ministers* and *P———ts* had had the *publick Good* more at Heart than the *Gratification* of———

Jest. I fancy you may safely go a greater Length, and say, That had *Ministers* and *P———ts* done their Duty to their *Motherland*, there never had been *Anticipations*, and, consequently, no Debt at all. Oh! how this poor *Motherland* of ours has been juggled, cuzzened, and be d——d, by Natives and ——, since you and I have seen the present Mourning *Britannia* gay and chearful as the God of Day!—Well, if I could be sure that our *Debts* were purposely continued to secure our *Loyalty*, I would wish the *R———* and *A———* too, to the ——'. 'Sdeath! Mr. *Earnest*, is an *Intail* of *Debts* an adequate Recompence for all the *Blood* and *Treasure* spent by *Britannia's* deluded Sons? Is all *Gratitude* fled with *Liberty*? or are People to be made *Beasts of Burthen* and *Slaves*, for having been
more

more *Willing* and *Dutiful* than any other in the World?——

Earn. My Friend, you have work'd yourself into an honest Passion.

Jest. I have so ; and, gad, if my Indignation hold much longer, I will be a *Hottentot*, before I own my self a blind *Englishman* : I will not only quit the Name, but dear *England* too ; for if I must be a S——, let it be any where rather than in the Spot where I so long have breathed the pure Air of *Freedom*—— Well, our *Debts* affect our *Liberty* ; granted ; next, I suppose you will say, and with the same Reason, that an exorbitant Load of *Taxes* are inconsistent with *Liberty*.

Earn. By your own Rule, that the Husband transfers the *Breeches* to his Rib, when he intrusts her with laying out his Money.

Jest. Ah ! that lousy *Breeches*, which has caused all our present Grief !— but I beg your Pardon for interrupting you ; our *Taxes* then affect our *Freedom*.

Earn. Undoubtedly, can a Nation be said to be *Free* that are, and have been, *Taxed* for half a Century beyond their Strength ; beyond their most slavish Neighbours ; nay, beyond any People we either know or read of ? From the *Restoration* down to the *Revolution*, the Amount of all our *Taxes* seldom exceeded *Twelve Hundred Thousand Pounds*, and never above *Eighteen Hundred Thousand* ; but since, they have seldom been so low as *Five Millions*, and often *Seven* and *Eight Millions* Annually. This Load, this insupportable Load, we have been saddled with, not only during our Wars, but whilst we were in *Peace* with all the World : And as an Addition to our Misery, we have never been so little able to support it, our *Industry* fading, and our *Trade* decaying gradually ever since the R——n.

Jest. Yes, our M——y were at *Peace* with all the World except their own deluded fellow Subjects, upon

upon whom they have made a constant cruel War. Like fierce Enemies, they have annually ravag'd the Land, and rais'd more exorbitant *Contributions* than the most savage Foe: You will say, that they had the Sanction of our own *Consent* for their *Devastations*. Here lies the Fallacy; here the big Iniquity: *Sejanus* might have pleaded the Sanction of the *Roman Senate*, the *Roman Sh*——w rather, for all his Extortions, and all the other dangerous Evils of his *Administration*. Mr. *Earneſt*, it ſeems to me evident, that as our *Debts* are continued to ſecure our *Obedience*, ſo are our *Taxes* to force us to that *Obedience* by an Inability of ſhaking off the Ch——s which tie up our Hands; harraſs the higheſt mettled Steed by continual Labour, keep him to hard Meat, he will become a Skeleton, low ſpirited, and a Jade: In like Manner, tax and burthen the moſt intrepid People on the Earth, reduce them to *Poverty* and *Want*, you ſhall bring down their high Stomachs, you ſhall break their high *Spirits*, you ſhall make them Slaves; nay, you ſhall ſo innure them to the Laſh, that they ſhall forget they were ever *Free*.—Oh, my Friend! how has our dear *Motherland*, this faireſt *Cloak* of all the World, been rent and tatter'd, ſheer'd and ſnip'd, to enlarge, ſecure, and embeliſh a d——d *Breeches* we have nothing to ſay to; nay, a rotten *Breeches*, which, by a fundamental *Contract*, we were never to have lac'd or embroider'd, nor ſo much as darn'd or patch'd!

Earn. You talk of fundamental *Contracts*. Alas! what are *Contracts* to the Mighty and Wi——d? How many have we ſeen ſo perforated as to reſemble *Shives*, more than ſacred *Contracts*? Even *Magna Charta*——

Jeſt. Has had a whole *Army* march'd thro' it. *Fifty Thouſand arm'd Men* kept up for Shew, or for a worſe *Purpoſe*, are not very conſiſtent with the Spirit,

nor Letter of that sacred Charter of our *Freedom*, the Glory of our Ancestors, and our Security against the *Rapaciousness* of M——rs, and *Ambition* of K——s : *Magna Charta* is little better regarded by some *Folks* than by C——l, who, you may remember, chang'd the *Charta*, by way of Derision into *F—a* ; but he avow'd his *Ambition*, he openly declared himself an Enemy to the *Constitution*, and so far he was a generous Enemy : But for any Men to assume the Air of *Justice*, to put on the fair Robe of *Friendship*, and sap, and mine, and wound, that which they pretend to *revere*, is rank Hypocrisy, is Villany : They are the more w——d, as the *Secret* is more dangerous, and harder to be guarded against, than the open *Enemy*—Mr. *Earnest*, I am told strange Things of our *Magnæ Chartæ* ; for, it seems, there have been more than one, which, a Counsellor of my Acquaintance tells me, have never been repeal'd ; and, I hope, never will.

Earn. Your Information was true : There were several *great Charters* for securing our *Liberties*, which are still in Force, as having been confirmed by that *Magna Charta*, which is reported in our Statute Books.

Jest. Ay ; but the Counsellor assures me, That, by one of these, which he says he has seen in the *Cotton Library*, before the last unhappy Fire, the People have a Right to appoint a Council of about *Twenty-five* of the *Barons*, or principal Subjects ; who, by that sacred Law, shall have full Power to punish M——rs, and effectually redress all *Grievances*. We have no Cause, 'tis true, for such a Council at present, because we have a P———t, who, without doubt, will take our Calamities into serious Consideration : But it must give infinite Pleasure to every Man, tenacious of *Liberty*, to know that the fundamental Laws of his Country, support

support all dutiful Demands for the Redress of *Grievances*.

Earn. Our *Constitution* is certainly founded on Principles of *Resistance*; and I remember none of the old *Charters* for securing our *Freedom*, that have been actually repeal'd. On the contrary, all those Laws for *restraining* the Subjects, which were pass'd in Compliment to *Charles II.* at the *Restoration*, are either actually or virtually repealed by the *Bill of Rights* and other *Acts*, at, and since, the *Revolution*; but what of this String of *Laws* in Favour of *Liberty*; what of all this Out-side, this Pomp and Shew of *Freedom*, when there is a late *Law* that ties up the Hands of the whole People more effectually than the actual Repeal of all our *Charters* could have done?

Jest. You mean the *Riot-Act*; that comfortable Dose; that Cordial, which we owe to the—— as we do our *Debts*, *Taxes*, Loss of *Trade*, Loss of *Influence*, and all the d——d *All's* that now cover poor *Britannia* with the Robe of Grief and *Mourning*; still may that lousy *Breeches* be for ever c——d!

Earn. Rather, may *those* who have been corrupted and blinded to the Undoing of dear *Motherland*, be c——d for projecting first, and co-operating afterwards with —— and ——!

Jest. Lean Comfort, my dear Friend, are C——s upon those who have ty'd up our Hands, and virtually broke thro' all the *Charters* of old *English* constitutional *Freedom*.

Earn. Had there been such an *Act* as the *Riot* at the Time that *Resistance* became absolutely necessary in the last Age, where would have been the *Revolution*? Where would have been *Liberty*? Where our Church and the *Reformation*? I am not afraid to say, that the *Riot Law* is inconsistent with the Spirit of the *Revolution*; and if I should say, that it carries with it bigger Mischief than all that enormous Weight of

Oppressions, complain'd of, either now, or heretofore, I don't think I should be mistaken. By this Law any Number of Men, exceeding Twelve, shall be guilty of *Felony* if they don't disperse after reading the Proclamation. I would ask the pretended Friends of *Liberty* and the *Revolution*, what Chance could our glorious Ancestors have had of handing down *Freedom* to us, if there had been such a Law in *James II's* Days. Tumult and Rebellion I would have restrain'd; but to make it *Felony* to meet in order to concert Measures for Redress of *Freedom*, is, not to say more, inconsistent with the Liberties of a *Free People*. I remember it was urg'd by the Projectors of this harsh Law, that it was of absolute Necessity. There was, indeed, some Colour for it in the Year 1715; but why was it not made temporary? Was it *absolutely* necessary to make it perpetual?

Jest. Yes, my Friend; it was absolutely necessary for those that intended to enslave a *free People*. You will say, there may have been a Colour also, for continuing the *Parliament* in the Ferment which the Rebellion in 1715 occasioned; but was there any Necessity for making the *Septennial* Law perpetual? C——ts, for the most Part, are like the Church, they willingly *receive* all, but never, or seldom, *restore*.

Earn. And yet it would seem by our *Profuseness* since the *Accession*, that we had a quite other Opinion of C——ts and K——s than the Experience of all Ages and Nations should have taught us. Fatal Profusion!

Jest. More fatal *Corruption* in some, and *Credulity* and *Blindness* in others! Now that we have rouz'd the frightful *Lions* of *Penal Laws*, let us hunt them down, by the Breath of our Lungs at least, before we lose them out of Sight.

Earn. They are so many, my Friend, so *multiply'd* since the R———n, and particularly since the A———n, that———

Jest.

Jest. It would puzzle an *Archimedes* to count them.

Earn. Tho' we began the first Day of the new Year——

Jest. We should get quite thro' it before we could reach to the End of those that relate to *smuggling*, the *Customs* and *Excise* only : They are all *Penal Laws*, and of the harsher Nature ; and, which is worse, design'd more, I am afraid, to *curb* and restrain the *Subject*, than to prevent the illicit Practices of unfair Dealers.

Earn. I don't pretend to dive into the Intention ; but certainly whilst most of our *Penal Laws* are in Force, we can neither say, nor think, that we are a *free People* ; it being a Truth as clear as the Sun, that we neither are, nor can be *Free*, whilst there are so many legal *Manacles* in the Hands of our Enemies.

Jest. *Enemies*, Mr. *Earnest* ?

Earn. Yes, and the most dangerous of *Enemies*, when solely *commanded*, and implicitly *obeying* a single M——r, who, having acted so audaciously and corruptly throughout a very long Administration, that he can have no Hopes of avoiding the *Justice* of his Country, but by undermining her *Constitution*, and trampling over her *Freedom*. Are not these his *Legions* spread throughout the Land, as so many *Spies* on the Actions and Words of his injured Fellow Subject ? Are they not as so many *Centinels* posted by a *Man*, whom the whole People suspect, upon too certain Grounds, to have projected the impoverishing, ens——g *Schemes* which appear but too evidently to have been *adopted* since the A——— ? Is not this Ministerial *Army* impowered to enter any Man's House, the greatest Peer's not excepted, at any Hour, and upon every frivolous Pretence, or none at all ? Who is, or can, be safe either in his *Person* or *Property*, when the most profligate of the People, often the Scum of the Nation,

may

may first *convey* prohibited Goods into some obscure Part of a Man's House, and afterwards *inform* and prosecute? And that this may, and without doubt is, and has been, practised, no Man can doubt, who considers that these M——l *Miscreants* may legally intrude themselves where-ever, and whenever they shall think proper. How has the Dread of these *Harpies* influenced Elections of P——t? What Man of middling Circumstances, how honest soever, dare venture to disobey the Injunctions of a *Custom* or *Excise* Officer, who has all the Power and Countenance of a T——ry to support him in all his Exactions, Informations and Prosecutions? The Power and Influence of a *Minister* and C——t are so great, so enormous, as the *Penal Laws* now stand, that I confess myself amazed at the present glorious *Stand* made against the Mighty and W——d.

Jest. I admit the *Stand* to be glorious ; but should it produce no more than a Change of *Hands* in the Ad——n ; should it produce no Change of *Measures* ; should it not produce a Repeal of all those *Laws* that now put the whole People into the Power of the C—— ; should it produce nothing more than the Removal of *One* or a few obnoxious *Men*, or even the Punishment of them ; should it not, in short, as you have said on another Occasion, produce such a constitutional Power as may go to the *Root* of all our *Evils*, adieu to Happiness, to L——y, or even to the *Hopes* of transmitting to Posterity, those Blessings handed down to us by our glorious Ancestors. Who, that feels Compassion, or has any Sense of *Freedom* or Danger that does not shrink when he considers the vast Powers of the C——, and the Inability in every Shape, of those for whose Happiness alone Government was first instituted? Who can reflect without Indignation on a late Attempt for laying the Axe to the Root of *Liberty* ; or without raising his Heart to the great

Author

Author of *Freedom*, for having inspired, on that Occasion, such a general Spirit as intimidated, even the *Frontless* and *Shameless*? But alas! my Friend, should not the present glorious *Band* be able to wade thro' the vast Difficulties in their way; Difficulties as Matters are circumstanced, as Power is ripen'd; almost insurmountable; should they not be able to clear away all the *Filth* which pollutes the Stream of our *Liberties*, how soon may another such an *Attempt*, or worse, be made; how soon may an *Axe*, already whetted by *Penal Laws*, already almost at the *Root* of *Freedom*, be drove quite through it, so as never more to emit Shoots or Branches? The late *Smuggling-Act* alone, if there were none of those *Dozens* of other *legal Chains*, that tie us up Neck and Heels, is such a Weapon as may cut away, not only the *Freedom*, but *Life*, of any Man in the Nation.

Earn. By that unprecedented Law, every Man, I say every Man, because no Man is exempted but those whom we have good Reason to look upon as our mortal *Foes*, the Swarms under the absolute Direction of the T——ry; I say then, that by that Act, every Man who travels arm'd between Sunset and Sun-rise within a few Miles of the Sea Coast, may be seiz'd, imprison'd, condemn'd, and executed, or transported, at the Pleasure of a C——t and *Special Jury*.

Jest. Oh! that same Monster, *Special Jury*, is a precious Jewel in the Hands of a Ministry and C——t.

Earn. A Monster, indeed! and yet hatch'd under the Wings of one, or perhaps the only *good* Law of the Kind that has been known of late.

Jest. You mean that for balloting for Jurymen.

Earn. I do; and from this Instance alone, a Man may guess at the State of our *Freedom*. In Matters of Property, litigated between Man and Man, a Jury shall be balloted for; but in Matters of infinitely

finitely higher Consequence to the *Freedom* of the Subject, that is, where his *Liberty* and *Life* are at Stake, the Jury shall be at the Choice of those whose *Inclination* and *Interest* it may be that he forfeits both : And this is that Sort of Jury which is call'd *Special*.

Jest. 'Specially subversive of all natural R——t ; this same precious *Specialty*, hatch'd under the vivifying Wing of an Act so speciously good, puts me in Mind of an *Exception* or *Construction*, (productive of Hardship, and answering the End of Power as well as the former,) to one other of our specious good Acts, which, tho' not of a general Concern, is not much less injurious, in and within ten Miles round this great Metropolis. By the Act for preventing *frivolous and vexatious Suits*, no Person shall be held to Bail, on an Action brought in any of the Courts at *Westminster*, for any Sum under *Ten Pounds* ; but by the Doctrine of *Specialty*, any Person may be held to *Bail*, worry'd, flung into *Goal*, and destroy'd, by owing so small a Sum as *Forty Shillings*, provided the Writ be issued by that *courtly* Court, call'd, the *Marshal's*. By this *special* Exception, or *Construction*, the loyal Inhabitants within ten Miles of his Majesty's Palace, may, and actually are, daily stung to Death by the *Asps* of the Law ; whereas, the rest of his good Subjects are only to be torn to pieces by the *Wolves* of the Profession. To be sure, *Liberty* must be as sleek as a Race Horse, and as florid in the Face as a *Livery-wearing*, dignify'd *Levite*, in a Country where all such *Exceptions*, *Constructions* and *Specialties* are countenanced and admitted !

Earn. O, that we had only *Exceptions* and *Constructions* to complain of ; tho' even these, were they of less Consequence, less injurious to *Liberty* than those we have cited, might, in Time, take *Root* and spread into down-right T——y ? few or

no

no Nations have lost their *Freedom* at once ; the Work has been generally slow and gradual, but sure, the enslaving Work is to be done by such Degrees as creep insensibly upon a People ; such Degrees, however, as make *Slavery* habitual, and consequently much more difficult to be withstood or prevented, than if pushed home with Violence or Precipitation. The first Step towards the Loss of the *Freedom*, of the ancient *Free Romans*, was under Colour of *restraining Licentiousness*, and restoring Virtue. Specious Pretexts !

Jest. Such, you may remember, as were made Use of lately for licensing *dramatic Writings* ; such as were made Use of also, for *excising Wine and Tobacco*. Those Commodities were to be *excised* to prevent Men from fraudulently invading the Property of the *Crown* ; which, to be sure, was a huge, monstrous *Sin*, and *Wit* is now *excised* to prevent exposing the *Weakness* or *Corruption* of some great *Leviathan* in Post and Power : One of those deep-dy'd *Sins*, which the *Utra Mountane Divines*, and Court *Levites* here at home, call Sins against the H——y Gh——t.

Earn. Happy for these ill-fated Nations that *Minorities* are, or are soon like to become, *Majorities*. This glorious Prospect prevents the *Excise* on *Dramatic Wit* to be extended to *Wit* in general ; 'tis scarce to be doubted, that there was a premeditated Design of restraining the Liberty of the *Press*, when this Law pass'd ; nor had the Design drop'd, if the *War* had not given such a Turn to Affairs as oblig'd certain Men to turn their Thoughts to their own *Safety*, preferable to all other Considerations ; but the *Press* was never intended to be restrained but in *Politics*, and in exposing the Designs of w——d *Ministers* ; not in restraining *Abbeys* and *Jesuits*, which are suffered, nay countenanced, to bear down all Religion and Virtue before them.

Jest. *Religion and Virtue!* Ha, ha! pretty Baubles to sport with, in a Country wherein *Liberty* has been on the Wean, and *Corruption* the only *Deity* revered, for the best Part of half a Century! Prithee, old Musty, let those good, old venerable *Things* rest in Peace with the Ashes of our Patriot Ancestors. Do'st thou not remember what the old *Biographers* say of the *Religion and Virtue of Rome*, so soon as the *Cæsars* set their cloven Feet on the Neck of *Liberty*? Has it ever been known that a People, *indifferent* about their *Liberties*, have been either *religious* or *virtuous*? Man is a *free Agent*; and, as such, *Liberty* is necessarily blended with his Nature; *Liberty* therefore may be properly call'd the *primary Object* of Man. This *Postulatum* being granted, it follows, that he who contentedly parts with his *Freedom*, will never trouble his Noddle about *secondary Considerations*.

Earn. I perceive, my merry Friend, that the Rust of Time has not quite wore off the Edge of your Memory; you have not forgot your *Logic*.

Jest. A Fiddle for your *Logic*, and *Sophistry*!—*Truth is Truth*, was, and will be, ever so without the Quirks and Quibbles of Schoolmen. *Liberty* is the first and choicest Gift of Heaven; 'tis the *Birthing* of Man, and particularly of *Britons*. It was thought so, revered, and preserved before the first impious *Invader* of it, *Cæsar*, set his Foot upon our Land. Old *Gef of Monmouth* records the Answer of one of our glorious Ancestors, to *Julius*, which proves what our Fathers thought of *Liberty*. “Tell your *Roman Chief*, said *Cassibellan*,
 “General of the *British Army*, that the *Britons*
 “had ever been accustomed to *Liberty*, which, if
 “the *Gods themselves* should endeavour to take it
 “from them, they would *resist* to the utmost of
 “their Power.” Tell me then, Mr. *Earnest*, if all *Restraints*, that are not absolutely necessary for promoting

promoting the Happiness of the *Community*, be not inconsistent with that *Liberty* which our *Ancestors*, both *Pagan*, and *Popish*, and *Protestant*, have transmitted to us? And tell me next, for I would willingly be informed, whether the *Riot-Act*, the *Licensing-Act*, the late *Smuggling-Act*, a thousand *Chain-imposing* Clauses in the Multitude of *Acts* relating to the *Customs* and *Excise*, the *Special Jury* Clause, the *Suspensions* of the *Habeas Corpus* Law, the *Septennial Law*, and a *Standing-Army* to enforce the *Execution* of these and many more *Laws* of the same Tendency; tell me, I say, thou dear, but unhappy, Partaker of my Woes, whether a *Misapplication* of the *Wealth* and *naval Force* of the Kingdom, a vast *Increase* of *civil Officers* and *Salaries*, an *Army* of *Placemen* and *Pensioners* in *Parliament*, a prodigious *Expence* in *Subsidies* to impotent, useless *foreign Princes*, and in maintaining *foreign Troops*, for the *Security* of a lousy *Breeches*: Yet tell me, I say again, if aggrandizing our hereditary and most formidable *Enemy*, and suffering our ancient and most natural *Ally* to be ruin'd; if sitting down tamely to see the late *Emperor* worry'd by *France* and her *Allies*; to see *Lorrain* annex'd to the *Gallick Crown*.——Alas! poor BRITANNIA! almost afraid to know thyself——But, your Pardon, my Friend; the Weight of Sorrow on my Heart, carry'd me from my Purpose. Pray tell me, if the *Enumeration* I have made be just; and if it be, whether the Conduct of our *Ministers* and P——ts, for many Years past, tended to strengthen or weaken the *Basis* of *British Liberty* in particular, and that of *Europe* and *Protestants* in general?

Earn. Machiavel lays it down as a *Fundamental* in Politics, that a *Constitution*, which subsists long, must often recur to its first *Principles*——

Jest. A Fig for the old *Florentin*! prithee tell me not of first or last *Principles*; so we but recur to some *Principle* that will enable us to be *Free* and *Happy*, no Matter what it be. If we can't lay our Hands on a *modern Principle*, that will answer this glorious Purpose, e'en let us recur to one that shall, tho' it be as wrinkled as old *Par*. Tell me of no *Principles* that won't admit of the *Discharge* of the *national Debt*. Let all *Principles* go to the ——— that lays it down as a Maxim, to load Men's Backs with *Debts* and *Taxes*, in order to secure their *Fidelity*. Give me a *Principle* that will ease me of *both*, and of *Penal Laws*, and of *Standing Armies*, and *Foreign*, lousy *Breeches*; and of every other damn'd Clog upon my *Freedom*, and the *Trade* of my dear *Motherland*——Now that I have named *Trade*, prithee, old Stiff, let us know how it came, to speak in the Phrase of the old *Riddle*, proposed to Madam *Sphinx* to gallop upon *All-fours* after the *Restoration*; to limp it but upon *Two Legs* after the *Revolution*, and scarce to be able to creep upon *one* batter'd *Hoof*, since the *Accession*; tho' we have been, till very lately, in *Peace* with all the *World*; and *Trade*, they say, thrives in *Peace*, as *Melons* do in a warm Season?

Earn. Yes, if *Catterpillars* don't nibble at the *Root* of either; there are *Catterpillars* in the *State*, as well as in *Gardens*; and those in the latter, are by far the least noxious.

Jest. For which Reason I hope soon to see them destroy'd. We have a Set of honest *Weeders* now in P——t, who seem inclin'd, and I hope will have the Power, to banish all the *State Vermine* from our *Eden*, that was before, poor *Trade* was lamed.

Earn. I have as great Veneration for the glorious struggling *Band* as 'tis possible; and hope I shall have no Reason to alter my Sentiments of their
Virtue:

Virtue: But should they *content* themselves with the *laying down* of one, or a few, great *Ministers* ; should they contend only for a Change of *Hands*, and not *persevere*, till *Measures* shall be chang'd ; should they stop short at the *Threshold*, and not rummage every *Office*, every Creek of the polluted *Fabrick* ; should they not turn the clear Stream of *virtuous* Scrutiny, and research into the *Stables* of the *State*, and wash away all the Ordure and Filth within ; should they not clear away *Corruption* where-ever it hath taken Root——

Jest. Ay, my Friend ; the *Root* of all Things should be look'd to : Without going thither, all other Labour is lost ; let the *Root* be wholesome ; let it be *natural*, and my Life, the *Tree*, Leaves, Blossoms, and bears fair *Fruit* as heretofore.

Earn. Should, I say, those that are now become popular and *powerful* by appearing to be, what I hope they are, *true Patriots*, sever or *divide* out of any *Consideration* whatever, before they shall have redressed *all* our *Grievances* ; should they, or any few of them, capitulate for *Honours*, *Titles*, or *Posts*, before the great, the glorious Work is quite finish'd——

Jest. Should any of them turn *State Screens*, as Mr. *W*—— did in the Year 1720——

Earn. Should all our *Hopes* vanish into Smoak and *ambitious* Fume in the present Year, as it did in that, I shall have done for ever with all boasting pretended Patriots. I am an Enemy to all *Imposition*, I hate the playing an *old Game* by *new Hands*.

Jest. Right, old Trusty ; it is the *Politics* which ruin, and not the Man. Names are idle Things, they may serve to amuse Children ; but Men of Sense will expect more substantial Food. What is it to me, whether a *W*——e, or *P*——y make me a *Slave*. A *Chain* is a *Chain*, whether it be put on

on by a *present* C——r, or by one that takes his *Place* hereafter.

Earn. There is one plain and easy Maxim in Politics, which, being observed, never fails of rewarding the *Minister* with Glory, with Honour and Safety: That is *Honesty*.

Jest. A Fantome—where do you expect to find her?

Earn. Amongst that bright *Band*, who have made us believe, I hope truly, that they have, and will, march under her unfully'd Banner, till they shall have restored the dejected *Britannia* to her former Power and Glory.

Jest. I shall believe *Honesty* to be as much at their Hearts as *Lips*, if I see our P——ts *Annual*. I am for none of your *Triennials*, tho' they be better than your *Sept's*; yet am I for the old, very old, *Constitution*; I am for a Set of *honest Men*, sent up early in the Year, paid by their *Constituents*, and discharg'd after two or three Months sweating in St. S——n's *Chappel*; upon such, a C——t can have no Influence.

Earn. Two or three Months, is scarce Time enough for adjusting controverted Elections.

Jest. Why are *Elections* controverted, but because some Folks expect to make their Fortunes by *Seats*, that were intended for the public *Weal* only? Let P——ts be *annual*, and, my Life you have but few controverted Elections; and that you may be sure there will be few, let Sh——s be chosen as formerly, by the *Freeholders* of each County, as the Sh——rs of *Corporations*, and County *Coroners* are.

Earn. You don't expect the *glorious Band* will go those Lengths?

Jest. If they would merit the Epithet you give them, I am sure they must go great Lengths.

Earn. You would not have them attempt altering the *Constitution*?

Jest.

Jest. No ; I would have it *restor'd* only—Let us have no *Penal Laws*, but what are absolutely for the Good of the Community ; no *Armies*, but what are employ'd against our *Enemies* ; no *Fleets*, but for the Security of our Coast and Protection of our *Trade* ; none for *Parade* only, or for conveying the royal *Striplings* of an ambitious House to *Italy*, or else where ; no *Taxes*, but what are purely necessary for defraying the current *Expence* ; and those proportion'd with due *Regard* to the *Industrious* and *Poor*. Let us have as few *Tax-gathering Drones* as possible ; as few *Pensioners* and *Sine-cures* as before the *Revolution* ; and as small a Sum laid out for *Secret Services* as before the *Accession*. This last Article has swell'd up from a *Sprat* to a *Whale* since the Death of *Queen Ann*.

Earn. That good Princess——

Jest. Stood in no need of *Artificial Strength* to support her G——t ; she *loved* her Subjects, and had grateful Returns of *Love* from them ; she was revered and dreaded throughout the Continent ; and had no Occasion, either to buy *Alliances*, or purchase *Preliminaries*, *Conventions*, or *Neutralities* ; she dreaded no neighbouring Power, but was courted and fawned upon by those that are now most *dreadful* ; she had a Heart wholly *English*, had no *Interest* separate from that of her *People*, and her *dear Country* ; and had neither *Territory* nor *Concern* foreign to the *true Interest* of her Kingdoms. How should such a *Ruler* want the Aid of *Spies* or *Pensioners*, *foreign* or *domestic*, of *Hush-money* at home and abroad, and of a thousand other *Articles*, which compose the dark Account of *secret Services* ? But she is at *Rest* and *Happy* ; I wish I had been so before this gloomy Day : For, my Friend, with old Dan *Shakespeare*,

*I think our Country sinks beneath the T——k,
It weeps, it bleeds and each new Day, a Gash
Is added to her Wounds———.* *Jest.*

Earn. In Truth, the Prospect is not the most inviting and cheerful, that you and I have seen; but, my Friend, we have still a Foundation of Wealth and Power; which, if enlarged—

Jest. If exerted you mean; we want but a proper *Exertion* of our Power: Let but your glorious *Band*, an Epithet, I hope and wish they may deserve, and hand down to latest Posterity; let them, I say, but once set their dear Country *right*; let them set her *free*, and humble and punish the national *Foes*, whilst they have the Ascendant, and I will answer for the Return of *Virtue*, of *Justice*, and of *Halcyon Days*, let them keep up the glorious Spirit, which appeared to have animated them hitherto; let not *Discord*, false *Ambition*, nor that cursed of Curses, *Self-interest*, disunite them; let them be as one virtuous, irresistible *Pbalarx*, that can neither be vanquish'd by *Force*, nor broke by *Fraud*, or by *fair Promises*; no, not by *Gold* itself; let them, I say, close and double their Ranks, in Proportion to the Efforts, the *Wiles*, *Offers* and *Artifices* of the *common Enemy*: Thus shall they baffle all the Power and Machinations of the *Foe*, and retrieve, at least have a Chance of retrieving, the *Errors*, either *willful* or wilful of former P——ts and *Ministers*; but should *Dissention* or *Corruption*, Thirst of *Rule*, of *Titles*, of *Distinctions*, *Ribbons* or *Baubles*; should these, or any other Motive; or should even a *Deference* to any very great and —— *young Man*, induce any of them to *warp* from the glorious Purpose of their *Setting out*, farewell — *freedom*, farewell — my dear Country; Adieu for ever to nominal *Patriotism* and *British Honesty*,—but, no more; I will hope for the best, and suspend my Fears, till that *Best* comes, or till I have Cause for wishing I had never *hoped*—Again, my worthy Friend, I intreat you will bestow a few Moments on the *Trade* of our *Motherland*, already upon Crutches.

Earn. You are too sensible of the great Importance of *Trade*, for me to dissent upon the Benefits and Advantages of it to this Nation in particular. 'Tis the Nerve, the Spring of our Wealth and Power; 'tis the Nursery of our *Seamen*, the Bulwarks of our Coast, and Protectors of the very *Trade*, to which they owe their Skill and Intrepidity. Our Industry we owe to *Trade*, as well as our Affluence and Luxury. In short, 'tis every Thing to us, and without it we should be nothing: 'Tis our *Paladium*, and the Moment we lose it, our *Troy*, our dear *Britannia*, will be little better than a poor desolate Isle, unpeopled, uncultivated, a Prey to the first Invader.

Jest. The Advantages of *Trade* being so very obvious, 'tis strange it should be so much neglected as it has of late Years.

Earn.

Earn. 'Tis not at all strange to me that *Ministers* should neglect what they did not understand ; and what, perhaps, they *intended*, or were c——d to neglect, for the same *Purpose* that our *Debts* are unpaid. Most *Ministers* since the *R——n* seem'd to have no Regard for *Trade*, but so far as it contributed to fill the *Exchequer*.

Jes. The glorious *English-hearted Elizabeth*, and her *Ministers*, had other Notions of *Trade*.

Earn. They had other Notions of their Country, of poor *Britannia*, than some that shall be nameless. That great *English* Queen cherish'd and encourag'd *Trade* ; it took Root under her, shot forth in the succeeding Reign, blossom'd in that of *Charles I.* became Fruit during the Usurpation, and ripen'd to full Maturity, after the happy *Restoration*. I reckon it was at the Height when the fatal Bigotry of *James II.* and the *Perfidy* and *Hypocrisy* of his *Ministers*, made it necessary for the Nation to assert the *Right*, which *Britons* have, and I hope always will have : No wonder that *Trade* should flourish from the *Restoration* to the *Revolution*. It was free, it was unincumbered, it was encourag'd ; there was no Cloggs upon Industry ; the *Revenue* of the Crown was small ; there was no *national Debt* ; there was no *Army* ; there was no *secret Service Money* ; there was no *et Cateras* which have grown upon us since ; consequently, there were but few *Taxes* that affected *Trade*. Thus were we enabled to outdo all *Europe* in *Trade* ; and thus had we the Supplying, and particularly the Cloathing, all the habitable World — But our Expence, in Consequence of the *Revolution*, brought on *Taxes* and *Cloggs* ; and our *Wars*, on the same Account, necessarily brought on a Stagnation. *France*, during these *Wars*, was forced upon a *Woollen* Manufacture for her own Use, and this Necessity brought her acquainted with the Sweets of this Branch of *Trade* ; so that she soon extended her Views, and became our *Rival* at Foreign Markets.

Jes. It seems then, that we may date the Declension of our *Trade* from the *R——n* ?

Earn. Without any Doubt ; but the Security of *Religion* and *Liberty*, was an Object of far greater Concern, than——

Jes. *Religion* and *Liberty* ! Ha, ha ! look for the *first* amongst the B——s ; and the *latter* — where you can find it, — Well, for these *Jewels*, which are lock'd up safe in the strong Boxes of good Rulers, poor *Trade* has been forced to limp, and yet, one might hope, that after the general Peace it would have recover'd its Pace.

Earn. The virtuous Queen *Ann* lived too short a Time, after that Peace, to set Matters right.——

Jes. *Right*, quotha ! Mr. *Earnest*, if you would keep your *Legs*, name not the Word any more. I can't bear the

Sound of it; supply its Room by *Wrong*, and you will speak Truth and Sense.

Earn. Well then; *Wrong*, if you will have it so, have all our Measures, with Regard to *Trade*, been for many a long Year ———

Jest. With Regard to *Trade*! shew me where our Measures have been otherwise, with Regard to any Thing else, and you shall substitute *Right* instead of *Wrong* all your Life long.

Earn. My Power, alas! is too feeble to attempt substituting one Thing for another; but *Wrong* has been done to our *Trade*, both here at home, and in our *Colonies*. At *Home* it has been hamper'd, clogg'd, tortur'd and dead by Taxes, Laws, Embargos, and a Thousand Restraints; and in our *Colonies*, by indigent, weak and w——d Governors, for the most Part, by *Auditors*, *Agents*, *Duties*, *Exactions*, *Depredations*, and unnatural Restraints. And both at *home* and *abroad*, since the *War* particularly, by *Interdictions* and *Captures*, which might partly, at least, be prevented, if some *Men* were but commonly *honest*.

Jest. Oh, that precious *Jem*, the *War*.

Earn. As it has been manag'd, it has turn'd out to be a national Curse.

Jest. Did you expect it was design'd to be a Blessing? Did you ever know a Man forced to do any Thing against his *Grain*, perform it as he ought—My Comfort is, that I hope the M——r, who chiefly conducted the *War* against his *Grain*, will be forced to pay for his Management with his *Brazen H——d*; and that, I am sure, will be against the *Grain*.

Earn. If a Man shall be found to have hand-cuffed our Admirals and Generals, to have protracted Supplies of Men, Ships and Stores; in short, to have purposely clogg'd our Affairs, that we may be tired of the *War*, and wish for any *Convention* or *Peace* he should make for us; if such a one there be———

Jest. If such a one there be!—When a Man is in honest Company, I can't bear Doubts. I hate your *Is's*—'Sdeath! Is it a Doubt that the brave *Vernon* was sent out to be sacrific'd; that he had neither Men or Ships sent along with him, sufficient to attack the *Havanab*, or *Carthagena*, the only Places, which, in our Hands, would make *Philip* truckle to at once? Is it a Doubt, that the first Season was intirely lost for want of such Power in that Admiral's Hands, or that the next was lost for want of timely Supplies? Is it doubtful, whether our Men were sacrificed before *Carthagena*, or that the Place would have been taken, if it had been attacked two Months sooner? Is it a Doubt, that it might have been attacked much earlier, if it had not been design'd from *home* that

that the Project should become abortive? Is it a Doubt, that raw *Troops* were sent on that important Service, whilst we had *Veterans* kept at home to awe and intimidate? Is it then a Doubt, that unexperienced *Generals* were sent, whilst the Experienced were kept at Home, because they had Seats in P———t, or were in Friendship with the great *Remora*? Is it a Doubt, that tho' it was known we had lost 'Three Fourths of our Land Forces in that cursed Climate, yet that not above *Three Thousand* Men were sent this Year? Is it a Doubt, that no Officers of Experience, or even of Common F——e, have been sent this Year, tho' it be notorious, that most of our Officers were dead, and that the surviving are not equal to the important Command?

Is it doubtful, that *Mr. Huddock* has done nothing for near four Years that he has been abroad? Is it a Doubt, that he might have burn'd and destroy'd the Coast of *Spain*, if he had Orders so to do; or that he would have prevented the late Junction of the *French* and *Spanish* Fleets, if he had been ordered or re-inforced? Oh, the damn'd lousy *Breeches*! curs'd *Breeches*, and N——t——y! Is it a Doubt, that *Spain* lately convoy'd Two Hundred Sails of Transports and 15000 Forces, Horse and Foot, from *Barcelona* to *Italy*, with so despicable a Force as three Men of War only; and that the joint *Fleets* have convoy'd a second Transportation, in the Sight of our hand-cuffed Admiral? Ignominious Sight! Ignominious *Admiral*, that would not lay down, rather than be the Tool of any *Parasite*! Dastard *Englishman*, that would act a dishonourable Part out of Consideration to any foreign *Breeches*, Ministers, or even——? Is it a Doubt, that the House of *Austria* is ruin'd, the *Ballance of Power* destroy'd, the *Protestant* Religion, and the *Liberties* of *Europe* in Danger, by our Conduct since the good *English Queen's* Death? Is it a Doubt, that *France* now gives the Law all over *Europe*, rivals us in Trade, and bids fair for universal Monarchy? and is it any Doubt, that we had the Power to clip her Wings, and keep her as low as *Queen Ann* left her? Is it a Doubt, that if we had no foreign Concern, no *Breeches*, *France* would be now in no Condition to enslave Mankind? Is it a Doubt, that our *Debts* are unpaid, our *Taxes* insufferable, or our *Trade* decay'd; or that we are hamper'd by *Penal Laws*, suck'd dry by *Treasury Legions* of Drones, and frighted and scared by a *Standing Army*? Is it a Doubt, that *Liberty*, my dear Country, and my much honoured——Oh, my Friend! I can no more, my Strength fails, my Spirits—my Speech—

Earn. The honest Creature has hurry'd himself beyond his Strength—Rest will compose his Spirits, put into too rapid a Motion by his Concern for his Country. Good Man! how few are there like him, who have such a true Regard for their

Parent Soil! The present Generation, for the most Part, are as luke-warm and indifferent towards their *Country*, as towards *Religion* and *Posterity*—Strange, that rational Beings, Men of reading, that know they owe their present *Freedom* to the Virtue of their Ancestors, should be quite so regardless of *Posterity* as we daily see them! what would this Generation be, had the *last* taken no more Pains than the *present*, to check the Encroachments of Power? or what will be the Condition of the *next*, should the glorious struggling *Band*, either *slacken* or fail in their virtuous Attempts to restore each of their Fellow-subjects to his *Birth-right*, and to *Liberty*, to Affluence, to Ease, and Happiness?—But my Friend seems to labour under some uncommon Weight—

Jest. By all my Hopes it must not be—*Britannia* bow to *France*; may I sooner be buried under the Ruins of this fair Cliff, than live to see that fatal Day.

Earn. His honest Mind is ever employ'd about his Country. How is it, my Friend? You seem dismay'd; what has caus'd this sudden Transport of your Mind?

Earn. Oh, Mr. *Earnest*, such a Sight———

Earn. Illusion, my Friend ———

Jest. Illusion, or Vision; or what else you are pleased to call it, the latter Part of it was the most shocking my Eyes ever beheld, or my Brain conceived. 'Tis probable the Whole was owing to my deep Concern for my dear *Country*, and your Picture of *Britannia*, by the Ingenious H——g——tb——

Methought I was on *Dover Cliff* casting my Eyes, with a Mixture of Contempt and Pity, on the *slavish* Inhabitants of the neighbouring Shore, when I heard the shrill, but sweet, Sound of Trumpets behind me, which drew my Attention and Eyes that Way. Behold here, a Sight to gladden the Heart of an *Anchvite*, of any Man but a venal wretched *Personer* or P——e——n, or Tool to a M———r, or ———. High above an adoring Crowd, was *Britannia* raised and seated on an Imperial Throne, supported by a Lion and Unicorn, and adorn'd with Trophies and Emblems of Victory, Power, Peace, Plenty, Liberty, Concord and Piety. On every Side of her stood Crowds of her Sons and fair Daughters, with Content in their Faces, and busily employ'd in all Sorts of Trades and Occupations. Just before the Throne was a Woman, in a royal Robe bespangled with the Arms of *France*, on one Knee, in a suppliant Posture, offering a blank Scrawl with one Hand, for *Britannia* to write what she pleased, and with the other, presenting a kneeling Youth, in a *Spanish* Habit, who laid a Regal Crown at *Britannia's* Feet. Next to these was a Youth, who by his Dew-lap, I knew to be the late *Emperor*, receiving an Imperial Crown, and many regal Crowns and Ducal Coronets, from the Hand of *Britannia*; near him

was a burly Man, a *Dutch Cheese* in one Hand, and a Paper in the other, on which were the Plans of several Fortresses, which I knew to be *Ipres, Namure*, and the rest of the *Barrier Towns* in the *Netherlands*. This Paper, *Mynbeer Fromage* received from *Britannia* with low *Coupee's*. Behind the *Dutchman* was a Crowd of *Swedes, Danes, Poles, Electors*, and other Princes of the *Empire*, the Deputies of the *Hans Towns, Italian Princes*, and the Deputies of *Italian Republics*, all bowing to *Britannia*, and gratefully owning their *Freedom* to be the Gift of her Power and Generosity. The Duke of *Savoy* stood near her, submissively receiving a Regal Crown from her bountiful Hand. Gratitude, Awe and Reverence were seen in every Eye, and painted on every Brow—On one Hand, the Shore was covered with Merchants, Seamen, and Labourers, some Shipping off the Manufactures and Products of the Land; and others, unloading the Products of both the *Indies*, and all the World besides. The adjacent Sea was covered with Ships of different Nations, which lower'd their Top-sails, and saluted a gallant *British Fleet* which rid at Anchor in the *Downs*. High on the Summit of the Cliff, stood the glorious Ruler of the Land, array'd in all the Splendor of Royal Majesty: She, benign Princess, smiled to see the happy Effects of her Power and Conduct, and the Blessings of her People: She was surrounded by a venerable Crowd of Prelates, Nobles and Counsellors; and she and they were guarded by a gallant Troop of Warriors, with true marshal Air and Mien. Among the first, I could perceive, *Sharpe, Darwes, Compton, and Robinson, Godolphin, Buckingham, Cowper, Harcourt, Holt, and Trevor*; and amongst the latter, the great *Marlborough, Argyle, Temple, Stairs, Orrery, Webb, Witbers, Rooke, Leake, and Shovel*. Near the virtuous Queen stood the Figures of *Liberty, Concord, Piety and Religion*; and at a small Distance, a Church crowded with Men and Women, zealously offering up their Vows to Heaven for the Safety of their tender, affectionate Sovereign. The true Mother of her Countrymen and Subjects, held a *Cornucopia* in one Hand, and a *Ballance* equally poiz'd in the other; and at her royal Feet lay Heaps of Coin, which was liberally distributed by her Orders, by the Figure of *Charity*, to the weak, old, and indigent.

Earn A glorious, reviving Scene!

Fest. But soon, too soon, did it vanish; and behold one of Horror and Desolation presented itself in its Stead. The Sky o'ercast, methought I heard the Clangor of harsh Instruments, which chill'd the Blood in my Veins, and threw me into Fright and Despair. As soon as I had Power to see whence the horrid Sound I heard proceeded, behold the whole Plain was covered with a Multitude, mostly Strangers by their Dress and Language, I found myself near a Throne, in which sat

* Woman, crown'd and rob'd in a royal Mantle, embroider'd with *Flower-de-Luces*; in her right Hand she held a *Scourge*, in her left, *Chains* which reached to the *Noses* of all about her, except a Man who stood near her in a *Spanish* Habit, crown'd, and his Garment embroider'd with *Lillies* and *Flower-de-Luces*. This Monarch distributed with one Hand, three Regal Crowns to three Youths in *Spanish* Dresses, who stood near him: and in the other, he held the Beak of a Ship adorned with an *English* Lion, with a Chain about his Neck. At the Foot of the Throne lay a *Spread Eagle*, which was cut up in Pieces by a *Cardinal*, and distributed about as the Lady in the Throne directed. Amongst the Crowd, who claim'd a Share of this royal Bird, there was a young Lady with a comely, but dejected, Aspect; but neither her Threats nor Tears prevailing, she was forced to be contented with the Tail. I could perceive that in this Distribution, the old Carver slyly dropt a *Wing* into the Queen's own Pocket, tho' she made Proclamation of her Disinterestedness but a Moment before. Before the Throne stood many Men, some with Regal Crowns, some with Ducal Coronets, who agreed to put an *Imperial* Crown on the Head of a middle-aged Man, with his Hands ty'd behind him. These, as well as the whole Multitude, had *Chains* from their *Noses* to the Throne, with this Difference only, that the Chains of some were of Gold, some of Silver; some heavier, some lighter; and the Chain of one particularly was studded with Diamonds. He was a young Man, wore a Regal Crown, and had a *black Eagle* emboss'd on his Robe. Just behind this dazzled young Monarch, stood a *Dutchman* trembling; but upon the Queen's giving him Assurance that the young Hero should not tread upon his Toe, he agreed not only to wear a *Chain*, but to be sh—t upon by a *Cock* that strided on his brauny Shoulders. I saw that the same young Hero was of Use to the Queen on many Occasions, and particularly, in fright'ning a middle-aged Man, pale-faced, and full-ey'd, what the Vulgar call goggle-ey'd, into a Fit; out of which, as soon as he was recover'd, he sign'd, with a trembling Hand, a *Parcbment* handed to him by a *French* Fencing-master.

All this Scene gave me no other Concern, but what arose from general Compassion; but the next who approach'd the Throne, after this Ceremony of signing the *Parcbment*, being the dear *Britannia*, I became all Anguish, all Rage and Despair. *Britannia*, who, but a little before, gave Laws to the known World, without using Chains or any Constraint, was now led up by the last-mention'd *pale-faced Man*, to the Foot of the Throne, where, in a *sable Robe*, and wan, dejected Countenance, she fell prostrate at the Queen's Feet, offering up a Fleece of *Wool* with one Hand, and with the other, a *Chain*, which hung from her useless *Javelin*. To avoid so distasteful

a Sight, I cast my Eyes on a separate *Groupe* of Men who stood on an Eminence behind me. Here I saw the same *pale-faced* Man, who led up the Mourning *Britannia* to the Throne, hugging close a Pair of *Breeches* under his left Arm; on which was emboss'd, in *White*, an Elephant, Cammel, or *Horse*, or some such Creature. In his Right Hand he held a *Pair of Sheers*, with which he snipp'd a fair *Cloak* of superfine Cloth, which was held up near him, between the Paws of a *Lion* and *Unicorn*. The Pieces which he snipp'd from the *Cloak*, from Time to Time, he carefully laid upon the *Breeches*, either to cover Holes or Embellish. At the Elbow of this *Snipper* stood a *lusty Man*, seemingly turn'd off his grand Climacterick, who threw down Bars of Gold and Bags of Coin at his Feet with one Hand, and clap'd a Padlock on his Sword with the other. Behind this *lusty Man* stood a *Cardinal* putting a Purse into the *lusty Man's* Pocket with one Hand, and clapping him on the Shoulder with the other. Close by the *Cardinal* and *lusty Man* was a Man, half *Clown* half *Buffoon*, who held a *Ballance* in one Hand, and with the other, he put three *Lions*, an *Unicorn* and a *Harp* into one of the Scales of the *Ballance*; but the *Cardinal* laying only a single *Lilly* in the other, that with the royal Beasts and *Harp* presently kicked up into the Air—Here my Patience was quite at an End; and so I believe is yours, my worthy Friend, therefore, farewell. We shall soon see how *virtuously* your *Country Patriots* will improve the present precious Moments. They are become popular and powerful from the good Opinion of their Fellow-subjects; and should they not answer the *public Expectation* —————

Earn. We are undone without Resource—————

Fest. I dread the Event—Curse on *Ambition*! Curse on *Gold*! or rather, the Curse of Curses on *Diffimulation*; once again, my shackled Friend, farewell—————

Earn. Shackled, Mr. *Fest.*

Fest. Alas, my Friend! can you say you are *Free*; or that any of your Fellow-subjects are intirely so? “ You have indeed, to use the *Deliverer's* Words; yet an Opportunity, by God's Blessing, (and the *Patriots Efforts* of the glorious *Band*, if truly steady and virtuous) to secure to you and your *Posterity* the quiet Enjoyment of your Religion and *Liber-ties*, if you are not wanting to yourselves, but will exert the ancient Vigour of the *Englisch* Nation; but I tell you plainly, my Opinion is, if you do not lay hold on this Occasion, you have no Reason to hope for another.”

[illegible]

